THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

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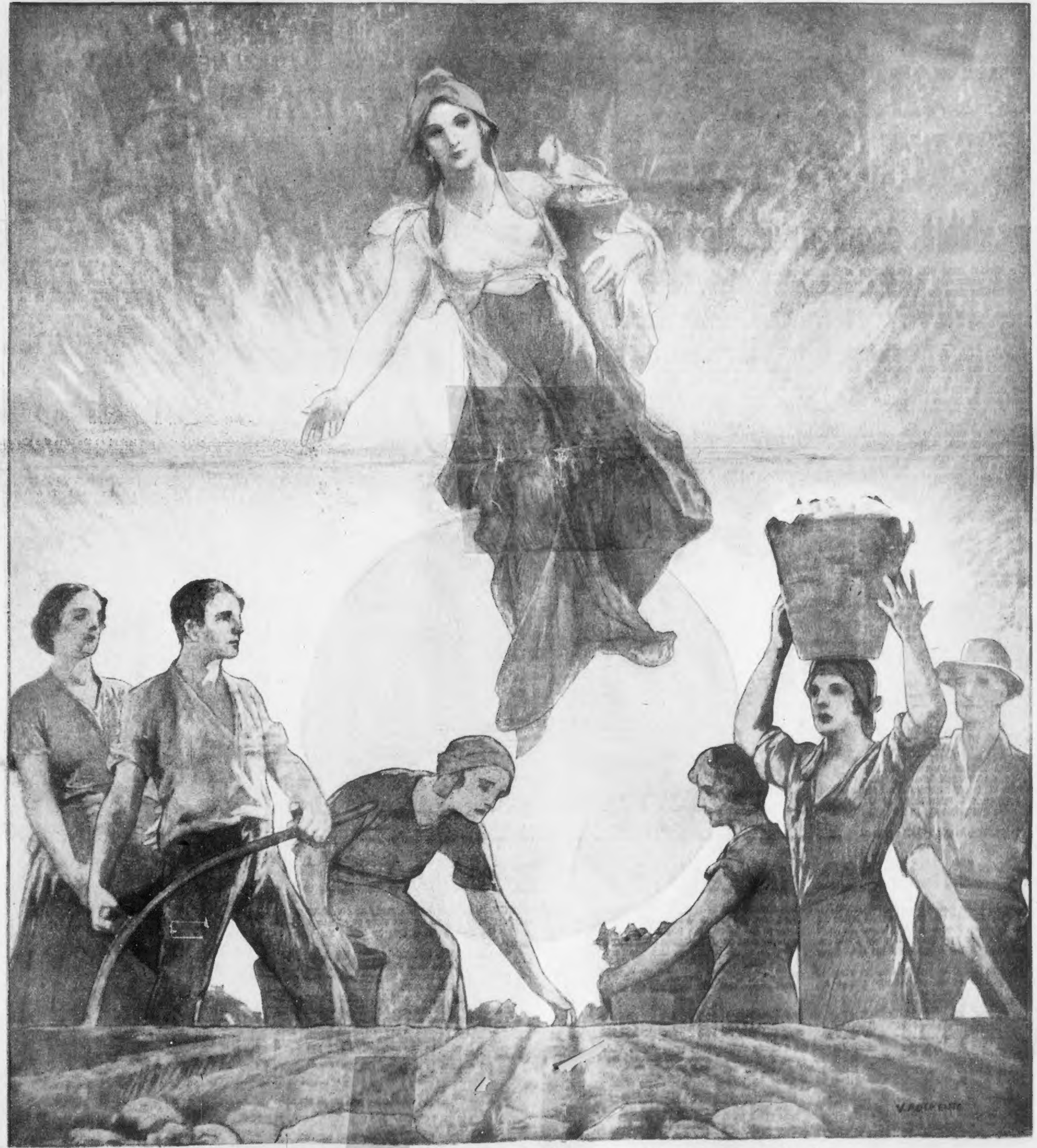
Sunday, Nov. 26, 1933

Columbia Sows the Seed of Prosperity



A Painting Symbolizing the "New Deal" Designed in Oils Especially for This Page by the Distinguished Artist, Vincent Aderente

No Fun for Children of Early America, Old Books Show

THE BOYS and girls of today may sometimes think that they have a hard time of it and that their fathers and mothers are "old fogies" who hem them in with too many restrictions and cramp their style with too many don'ts and mustn'ts. But any youngster who feels this way can dispel himself, or herself, of such notions of frustration by poring over the pages of some of the books that Young America read from Colonial times up to the beginning of the Civil War.

The best collection of such books is the property of Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the Philadelphia bibliophile, who has a library of printed works for juvenile minds dating back to 1682. The illustrations on this page show the "unsnappy" brand of pictures with which the artists of those straight-laced years embellished the highly moral and admonitory texts.

Even the ABC books were crammed with maxims for social behavior and lessons from the Scriptures intended to keep the minds and bodies of the youthful on a very straight and very narrow path.

For example, a volume entitled "The School of Good Manners," which was circulated in many an American home in the 1750's, included such advice to the adolescent as this:

"Ask not for anything, but tarry until it be offered thee.

"Make no noise with thy tongue, mouth, lips or breath, either in eating or drinking.

"Laugh not aloud, but silently smile on occasion.

"Approach thy parents at no time without a bow.

"At the meeting-house be not hasty to run out when the worship is ended as if thou were weary of being there. Walk decently and soberly home without haste or wantonness."

Meal time, as book after book of the old days points out, was a formal occasion calling for neat and uncomfortable clothes and the strictest conduct. Young bloods were supposed, as the old saying goes, to be seen and not heard.

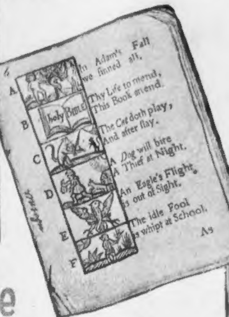
Another musty old slogan that seems to have been the theme of many a book for the youthful mind was "the good die young." Boys and girls full of the joy of living, even though they found little chance to express this lusty spirit, were constantly reminded that an early death was a great blessing.

One of the books in the Rosenbach collection has for its title: "A Token for Children, Being an Exact Account of the Conversion, Holy and Exemplary Lives and Joyful Deaths of Several Young Children." The subject matter went on to detail the desirable features of passing into the next world before one was contaminated by the sins and foibles of this one.

The young folks of today, if offered such literary fare, would promptly give it a loud raucous "razzberry" and go on seeking worldly amusement and excitement.

The Interesting Cover From the First Edition of Johnson's "Peter Piper," Showing the Quaint Costume of Little Girls, Which Included Corsages, Heavy Stiff Material, and Pantalettes, All of Which Restricted Freedom of Action.

Grammar Was Taught Largely by Means of Pictures. This Is the Frontispiece From "The Infant's Grammar," Published in 1816. Each Part of Speech Was Typified by a Character in the Drawing. The Illustration Shows the Formality of a Children's Dinner of That Period.



A Page From a New England Primer of the Eighteenth Century, With Illustrations Intended to Facilitate Memorizing the Alphabet. Scriptural References Predominate and Very Little Humor Is Included in the Tomes.

The Nearest Approach to Stories With Thrills Occurred in "The Pilgrims." Tales of Struggles With Indians Were Told, However, in Simple Verse.

PHOTOS BY CULVER STUDIOS

"The House That Jack Built" Proved a Departure From the General Run of Juvenile Literature Which Served to Restrict Natural Childish Exuberance by Laying Down Stringent Rules of Deportment, and in New England by Impressing the Youngsters With the Advantages of an Early Death. This Illustration Shows the Memorable Pair—"The Man All Tattered and Torn" With "The Maiden Forlorn."

Fair Exhibit Becomes Buddhist Temple

MANY a minister faced with the problem of finding the wherewithal to provide a permanent meeting place for his flock probably prays for the same sort of good luck that befell Bishop Masuyma, head of the Buddhist Church in North America, during a visit to the Century of Progress Exposition.

The Bishop, being a Japanese, naturally paid a visit to the building erected by the South Manchurian Railway which was filled with interesting exhibits from his native land and was built by Japanese artisans working with $50,000 worth of material imported from the Empire of the Rising Sun.

Although the structure was not exactly a Buddhist temple in architectural design, it suggested such a place of worship and the Bishop, during a conversation with K. Yamashitu, in charge of the building, happened to remark that it wouldn't make a half bad Buddhist temple.

As the story goes, K. Yamashitu pondered the innocent remark a moment or two and, turning to the priest, asked him if he could find a use for such a building.

"Why, yes. But—" the Bishop is reported to have replied.

"All right," the director of the exhibit from the Orient told him, "it's yours. You may have it as soon as the fair is over."

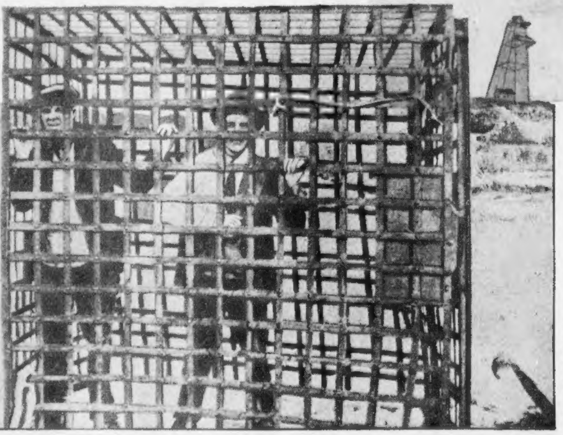
The Bishop, finding it hard to believe that he had been presented with what would pass as a real Buddhist temple, made further inquiries and learned that the powers that be of the South Manchurian Railway did not think it worth while to go to the expense of taking the structure down and shipping it back to Japan and that they had authorized their representative at the exposition to dispose of it in any way he saw fit. And what better use could be found for the building than to convert it into a meeting place for Japanese Buddhists living in America?

Bishop Masuyma, when he understood how he had come into possession of a temple that would cost many thousands of dollars to build, gratefully accepted the gift and said that he would have it removed from the exposition grounds and set up for his congregation in San Francisco, which had no permanent meeting place. He thought he would have little difficulty in raising the money necessary to the dismantling, shipping and reassembling of the building on some appropriate site on the Pacific Coast.

It was his intention, he said, to have a crew of skilful carpenters from San Francisco go to Chicago soon after the gates of the exposition were closed on the big show that attracted exhibits from all over the world and which was visited by several million sightseers. Carefully they would take down the pagoda-like structure, piece by piece, being especially painstaking with the Oriental ornamentation. These sections would be packed so that they could not be broken in transit and then put back together again just as carefully when the material was delivered to whatever site was selected for the place of worship.

In appreciation for the gift, the Bishop planned to erect a tablet in the building attesting that it would not be in America, to the glory of Buddha, except for the generosity of the South Manchurian Railway.

Hudson's Bay's Open Air Jail



The Open Air Jailhouse at Churchill, Canada's Newest and Most Northern Seaport on Hudson's Bay. It Is Nicely Constructed, but There's No Heat, and Sometimes the Temperature Drops Below Zero in That Country.

ONE OF the most unusual, and best ventilated, jails in North America is to be found among the municipal equipment of Churchill, Canada's newest and most northern seaport, on the shore of Hudson's Bay.

As the photograph at the left shows, this lock-up is nothing more than a cage set on the ground in one of the port's handiest "great open spaces." In the Summer, lawbreakers do not mind being cooped up in this open-work box of stout metal bands, but in the Fall and Winter it is perhaps the most uncomfortable place of incarceration in the world. Even in the early Fall the mercury in this Canadian community drops to zero, and sometimes below zero.

In order to keep from suffering a bad case of frostbite, a prisoner locked up in this jail during sharp weather has to keep moving like a squirrel in a cage. The metal coop is locked only when it is used to hold the toughest of the country's bad men, because it is under guard of some of the best troopers in the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police.

A careful study of the photograph shows that the door of the country's airiest jail was not locked at the time the photograph was snapped, with two inmates peering disconsolately through the bars. These were not murderers or thieves, they were just a couple of the boys who were cooling off after an argument that wound up in a free-for-all fist fight.

The Girl Burglar Who Refused to Plead "Not Guilty"

VIRDA CHURCHES, besides being one of the prettiest and calmest prisoners who ever was haled before the Denver, Colorado, District Court, impressed the judge who sentenced her to a year and a half in the county jail as being the most bluntly honest about her sins against society.

When she was called to stand before the bench of Judge George F. Dunklee and tell the court whether she was guilty, or not guilty, of stealing three suitcases full of clothes and household goods from the home of a former employer, she turned to Jack Williams, the young man who was convicted of the same crime. And she snapped, "Mind your own business; I'm going to plead guilty. You can do anything you want to."

If the police, through some clever detective work, hadn't traced her through a pawn ticket that she got when she disposed of some of her loot, she never would have confessed. She was perfectly frank about that. But the instant they pinned the theft on her she dropped all pretense of innocence and told them everything they wanted to know without having to be urged by a lot of questions.

"Sure I did it," she smiled, "but Jack shouldn't take the rap. I got him into the thing and he didn't even know that he was having a hand in a burglary. He was just a nice, fine fellow. I asked him to go with me to the home of Mr. Lahrburger, where I used to work, and help me carry some of my belongings away from there.

"Why, he didn't have any idea that I was stealing even when I told him that I had forgotten the key and had to crawl into the house through a cellar window. When I came out of the place carrying the stuff I'd stolen he still didn't suspect that everything was not all right."

Williams, whether he was guilty of complicity or not, enthusiastically backed up this story and made no effort to play the gallant young man by taking the blame on himself.

"Not until I was arrested," he told the judge, "did I know that the stole the stuff with which we got away. She told me that she was leaving the place and wanted me to help her take her things home."

"That's right, judge," said the extraordinarily outspoken prisoner. "He was just a victim of circumstances. I didn't tell him what was happening. He didn't even know that the suit I gave him was one of the things I stole. And that was what connected him with the burglary—he was wearing it when he was arrested. I told him that it belonged to my estranged husband."

But the attempt to vindicate the young man didn't work and he was packed off to the state penitentiary to think over for a year and a half the error of taking other people's property. When he gets out he may, or may not, marry the 20-year-old girl who insists that it's all her fault that he's a jailbird.

"I'm going to get a divorce," said Mrs. Churches. "And when I do, if Jack wants me, maybe I'll marry him. He's been so sweet about all this and marrying him wouldn't be doing too much for him at that."

Jack didn't say whether he was interested in this sort of appreciation for his part in a burglary.

Virda told the police that her confession followed a decision to "take the rap" and return, at the expiration of her term, to her home back on the farm.

Virda Churches, the Twenty-Year-Old Farm Girl, Who Became a Burglar, and Who Refused to Defend Herself, Preferring to Accept Punishment and Then Return to the Simple Life.

Found Skeleton in His Back Yard

MANY a man has a family skeleton in his closet, figuratively speaking—but it was the distressing luck of Vincenzo La Moupagna, a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., to unearth a real and hair-raising skeleton right in his own back yard. The grim discovery came about when Mr. La Moupagna decided that it was time to tackle a pile of debris that had been left there by previous tenants.

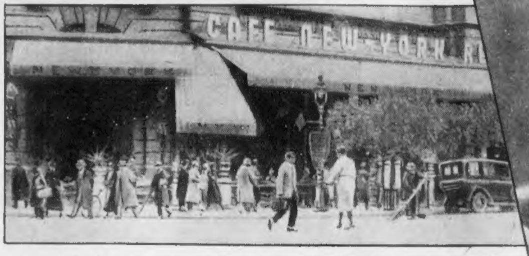
He had taken only a wheelbarrow load or two of the stuff away when, to his surprise, he uncovered what looked startlingly like the ribs of a human skeleton. The removal of a little more debris verified his worst fears—the yellowed bones were topped by a grinning skull.

Mr. La Moupagna called the police The expert eyes of the officers—spotting a little tag with a number stamped on it attached to one of the bony wrists—knew at once that the remains were not those of someone who had the misfortune to be put "on the spot." The tag was of the sort that are used to mark skeletons in a medical school. There was little doubt that some medical student, tired of studying the construction of the human frame, had tossed the skeleton away several years ago.

Gave His Life—'Twas all He Had to Give

Astonishing Exploit of a Poor and Aged Journalist Who Planned Suicide to Get Front Page Publicity for a Struggling Little Actress

Miss Szonyi in a Small Part, Obscure and Unknown.



The Famous "Cafe New York" in Budapest as Seen From the Street, Where Notables of the Theatre and Journalism Congregate.

The "Authors' Table" at the "Cafe New York," Where Journalists, Novelists and Playwrights Assemble Every Evening.

Miss Lenke Szonyi After She Had Reached Public Attention. This Photograph Was Published in Colors as the Cover of the Leading Theatrical Magazine of Budapest, the Achievement She Dreamed Of and the Poor Old Journalist Managed to Accomplish for Her.

Louis Battaszeky, "the Last of the Bohemians," Broken Down Newspaper Man, Who Achieved Publicity for the Girl He Loved by Offering Her His Own Life.

Lenke Szonyi in a Stage Costume After She Reached Stardom.

BUDAPEST, Nov. 16.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

WHEN a rich man of sixty falls in love with a girl of seventeen, he usually squanders his money on her and makes a fool of himself.

When love came for the first time to Louis Battaszeky, at that age, he might have done the same thing, but he had nothing to squander on pretty, seventeen-year-old Lenke Szonyi, except his life.

To those who disapprove of Bohemians it may have seemed a rather worthless life, but Louis had always enjoyed it and now had no more desire to die than if he had been a bishop. Still it was the only precious thing he could lay at the feet of his beloved and he could do it in such a way that the sacrifice would be priceless to her.

Louis was a journalist with so much talent that he could have made a handsome living had he pleased. But he didn't because he was one of those charming, irresponsible characters known as Bohemians. From boyhood he had lived in the atmosphere of the theatres, knowing every actor, actress and producer in Budapest or Vienna.

He could write a better review of an opening night than most regular critics and sometimes he had done so. More often he sat around and talked until his paper had gone to press. Because of his intimate knowledge of everyone connected with the stage he was the best man to send on any theatrical assignment, except that editors soon learned that they could never know when if ever they would get the story. Newspapers have to cover events and a mediocre account by a reliable man is better than nothing at all by a genius.

Before he was thirty, no paper in Hungary would give the man a job, though he could always sell a free-lance story, provided he would write it first. This he rarely did because it was too much bother.

Nevertheless, Louis was recognized as a remarkable and useful man. His mind was an encyclopedia of theatrical information. As the years went on, writers who actually did write used him as a sort of living reference department. He could tell them when any play opened, how long it ran, the name of the theatre and most of the cast, right out of his memory. For this service "Back-number Battaszeky," as they called him, was satisfied to receive a cigarette, a cigar, a drink or a meal, according to how much and how old was the information he gave.

That was not all. Besides being a storehouse of stage knowledge, he was a wit, jester and valuable addition to any party. The proprietor of the "Cafe New York," where writers, actors and artists congregate until far into the night, realized that this character was a valuable attraction. To insure the man's presence, he agreed to give him a dinner a day free for the rest of his life, provided he would loaf there instead of elsewhere. This verbal contract is probably the only one Louis could live up to without effort and he never violated it.

All other deals involved sacrifice and restraint. Yet when the time came to make the supreme sacrifice of laying down his life, he did not hesitate. In addition to the certainty of a square meal a day and various other bits of refreshment and small borrowings, it occasionally became necessary to earn a little real money to pay a few pengoes to the landlord for his attic bed, for laundry and once in a while a new suit of clothes.

Instead of forcing himself to write a story, it better suited his Bohemian tendencies to wander around the countryside, selling books to farmers. In this he was surprisingly successful, taking in a few days enough orders to supply his financial needs for the moment. At that point he invariably hurried back to his congenial loafing at the cafe.

In his youth, his charm and good looks had won the heart of many a stage beauty. But marriage, or even a prolonged and deep affair, involved paying so much attention that it was really more bother than keeping a job. Bohemians are as quickly fired by sweethearts and wives as by employers. So Louis, after briefly tasting the honey from many lips, reached sixty with his lazy heart still untouched.

Yet the shiftless person had one serious purpose in life and it turned out to be the cause of his undoing. Louis sincerely intended to write a great novel, which nobody who knew him doubted that he could. For the last twenty-five years everyone had listened spellbound to the episodes and snatches of its sparkling dialogue.

One fascinated editor had paid an advance on it for a serial, and a producer advanced royalty for it, but neither of them saw a page of the manuscript. As Louis often said, it was all complete in his head and heart. But what he did not realize was that he had lost the power to write. Yet he could tell it because talking was his chief delight and he was always in practice on that. All the writers knew his unwritten novel so well that most any of them could have stolen it, but the other writers would have run the thief out of the country and, besides, every publisher knew it too.

The heroine was a girl named Carolina. This girl started life in a tenement house basement and entered on her career as a starving member of the Opera Ballet "fifth quadrille." After many adventures she achieved world fame. The time was thirty years ago when Battaszeky was young and had known all the stars intimately.

His friends called the character Carolina Battaszeky, after her creator, and everyone assumed that she was a composite of various actresses he had known. But it seems that she had once existed in real life. This was discovered last fall when Louis dropped in with the dramatic critic Bela Kovacs at a small theatre, the Pesti Szinhaz. The play was titled, "Cat-In-The-Bag," a pretty piece of burlesque nonsense. Before the curtain went up, three attractive girls, clad simply but effectively in scant stripes of black and white fur, and parading long furry tails, appeared in front of the curtain and performed a kitten's dance, which had nothing to do with the play, but referred to the title.

"Look!" gasped Louis. "Do you know who that child on the right is?"

"I do not and neither do you," answered the critic. "She was born after your day."

"But that is Carolina, my Carolina, in the flesh, reincarnated exactly as she looked thirty years ago."

The much-amused critic suggested going back-stage to meet this heroine who had been reincarnated as a kitten but Louis refused.

"No, no," he protested. "I must never meet her."

That night, at the cafe, Louis was strangely silent, eating his free meal alone, because he wished to think. A great peril had barely missed him. He had known the original Carolina, been interested, but prudently avoided falling in love by keeping his eyes and mind away from her.

Later, learning of her death, it seemed safe enough not only to think about her but make her the heroine of his novel, thus keeping her memory fresh in his thoughts every day. The result of that thought was apparent when the counterpart of the girl appeared before him. Louis' feelings warned him that unless he kept out of her way, love, that calamity which he had successfully avoided for sixty years would get him in his old age. However, it would be the easiest thing in the world never to look at her again.

Just then he looked up and almost choked. There was Carolina smiling down at him as of old. Was it a ghost? No, it was the "kitten," and Kovacs was introducing her as Miss Lenke Szonyi. Like a man in a trance, Louis heard himself inviting them to join him and Kovacs calling the waiter. Old Louis was too stunned to talk, which made it all the better for Lenke who wanted to do all the talking anyway. Louis, like a doomed man, watched her eyes, her lips, the occasional play of her hands, all exactly as he remembered those of Carolina. Wild thoughts flashed through his mind.

"It surely is Carolina, come back from the grave. But why must I fall in love with her now that I am old, after avoiding it as a youth when it would not have been so bad?

"It is punishment because I failed to write that novel which I know I should have written. Now it is too late. I can never write it. But what is the sense of this—what am I expected to do—what can I do now?"

Lenke prattled on, telling the story of her life, and he began to see his duty, vaguely at first. She was the daughter of a widow with very modest means, living on a small pension eked out by occasional glove-making. Lenke had gone to high school and had learned stenography and bookkeeping, but could get no job. She had managed to get a small income by dancing in the chorus at the Kiraly Theatre. But to get ahead fast one must get into the papers. She entered a Yo-Yo tournament to see who could keep that little toy top spinning on a string the longest and she won it. It was a small triumph but it caused her pretty face to be printed in the papers and won her a contract.

That kitten dance brought her eighty pengoes a month, about $20, not enough to live on. If she could only get some publicity, big publicity, they would give her a real part and real pay. The trouble was that her mother had found her an office job for twice that amount and was pressing her to take it. She ended by saying:

"And so when Mr. Kovacs told me you had noticed me, you who know everything about the stage, I had to ask you what you think of my chances of success. You will surely be right. If you say I have a future on the stage, then I will stick to it even if I starve. Tell me what you think, Uncle Batta."

The old journalist winced. Everybody called him that, but now he realized that it meant he was an old man to her—and he was hopelessly in love. Yet he answered steadily:

"Stay. All you need is publicity and Uncle Batta will attend to that."

He tried but could not get her much. After all, there are thousands of pretty, ambitious girls. When Lenke's mother insisted that her daughter give up the stage, Louis rushed out and sold six sets of Shakespeare. One was to a farmer's wife who could not read. He overcame her sales resistance by entering her in a school. With his eighty pengoes profits he appeased the widow for another month.

At the end of that time the situation was desperate again, calling for a desperate remedy. Lenke was unknown, while he was a local celebrity. If he could transfer that celebrity to her, she would be "made" and it might be done. A suicide is always news, his suicide would be front page news. If he did it for love of Lenke it would pull her onto the front page with him, making her the most talked-of woman in all Hungary. That was the answer. Now he knew what fate was asking of him.

Uncle Batta disappeared, but half a dozen local editors received letters from him all saying:

"I shall be no more among the living when you receive this. My life is a burden to me. I am a wastrel, a useless old man. I love a girl who is beautiful, brilliant, the great stage star of the future. An old failure of sixty may never approach the dazzling promise of her seventeen years. Don't search for me, I've made an end."

Lenke received one too, containing the first intimation of his love. It read:

"I have nothing else to give you, my love, only my life, and you may have that for what it's worth. Old Battaszeky is pretty well known in wicked old Budapest, and the girl for whose sake he killed himself will be in headlines all over the place. Do you know the old legend of Our Lady's Juggler? Other people brought precious trinkets, silver and gold to lay down before Our Lady's shrine. The juggler had none, so he began to stand on his head and do his juggling tricks before the shrine in honor of the Madonna—giving her the best he had to give. Thus do I, in the place of gems and jewels, give you my life—and I hope, beloved, that I shall have helped you a little in the great career that is in store for you."

The girl did not want fame at such a price, and fortunately it did not have to be paid. Louis had hidden himself in some bushes on a farm, swallowed enough sleeping tablets to assure death and would have succeeded but for the accidental discovery of his body by the farmer, in time just barely to save his life. Five days later, looking like a ghost of himself, he entered the cafe.

"Look here, Uncle Batta, I didn't agree to feed your ghost," was the proprietor's greeting. But he did and Lenke was there with tears in her eyes.

So poor old Louis did not die after all, but Lenke received fully as much notoriety as if he had and, on the strength of it, she is rehearsing for a feature part in one of the season's biggest musical shows. For this he has Lenke's deepest gratitude, but that is all.

Uncle Batta ran away from love thirty years ago; now love runs away from him. Yet he still smiles—Bohemians always smile.

After a Bridge Party Dispute, Infuriated Ladies Fight a Duel—Almost

BUDAPEST.

EVERY disciple of a certain school of contract bridge knows that if your partner makes a so-called forcing bid—and you can't raise the bid—it is your job to keep the bidding open. For example, if your partner bids two hearts, you must bid two no trump, thus giving your partner a chance to bid again. If you fail to observe this basic rule of the game something unpleasant is likely to happen to you—as it did the other day to Annie Tarnoczay, one of the most charming members of this city's celebrated Hotel Bristol Bridge Club.

Mrs. Tarnoczay happened to be playing with her friend, Magda Fulop, as a partner. Miss Fulop is one of the prettier members of the Hungarian capital's "400" and a crack bridge player who picks up a lot of extra spending money by never breaking the rules of the game.

"Two hearts," said Miss Fulop.

In this instance it was a forcing bid and she confidently expected her partner to raise the bid, or bid the conventional "two no trump." Instead Mrs. Tarnoczay said "No bid."

Miss Annie Tarnoczay, Who Made No Bid When Her Partner Made a Forcing Bid at Bridge, and Was Supposed to Have Been "Raised." The Insults That Followed Brought on Arrangements for a Duel With Swords.

Miss Fulop stared at her in unbelief. Then her face turned crimson with anger. But it was too late to do anything about her partner's error, so she played her hand, made a grand slam and then leapt furiously to her feet.

"Do you see what you did, you idiot?" she stormed at the amazed Mrs. Tarnoczay. "You robbed us of game by your unspeakably amateurish bidding. One really can't play with the sort of fool you are."

A tense silence fell on the dozen or more women in the room. Mrs. Tarnoczay paled and rose from her chair. "Fool yourself!" she retorted, or words to that effect, and swept out of the room.

The next morning a lady and a gentleman called on Miss Fulop. They informed her that Mrs. Tarnoczay demanded satisfaction, either in the form of a written apology or with the fencing foils. Miss Fulop—who had attended the same fencing school as her outraged friend—said she would be happy to forego the pen for the foils.

Thus it was, a day or two later, that the women found themselves, with their seconds, in the Fodor Gymnasium, ready and eager to spill one another's blood. Several attempts to dissuade them from meeting on the field of honor had failed.

Duelling by Women Is Not Unheard of in Europe. Emil Bayard's Painting, "An Affair of Honor," Reproduced Above, Pictures Two Fair Combatants of the Past Century Having It Out Over a Gentleman Whom They Both Admired.

As a last resort, one of the seconds addressed a final plea to the grim-faced combatants. "Both of you have given brilliant proof of your courage," he said. "But you have forgotten in your anger that you were friends and that bloodshed is little suited to the lives of such women as yourselves. Please, Miss Fulop, since you are the offender, offer chivalrous apology before it is too late."

This final appeal had its effect and the women dropped their rapiers and rushed to embrace each other.

Miss Magda Fulop, Whose Insults Hurled at Her Bridge Partner Elicited the Challenge That Might Have Ended Fatally If the Women Hadn't Kissed and Made Up at the Last Moment.

When they were happily dressing a minute later, Mrs. Tarnoczay put her hands on her friend's shoulder. "I knew all the time that I should have bid two no trump, but I was so angry at what you said that I couldn't bring myself to admit it. I'll promise never to make the mistake again, if you'll promise not to take the game quite so seriously."

An Express Liner That Would Skim the Ocean

WITH the prospect of transoceanic travel by dirigibles and airplanes in the near future as an impetus, shipping magnates and marine architects are giving serious consideration to new types of ocean liners radically different from the fastest and biggest ships sailing the seas today.

These proposed liners of the future probably will borrow something from both the dirigible and the airplane and will be streamlined to increase their speed. They may be shaped like gigantic porpoises and be equipped with powerful motors that will have propellers to beat the air instead of screws that revolve in the water. It is within the realm of possibility that these ultra-modern ships will speed over the waves at 100 miles an hour, or better, and whisk passengers across the Atlantic in 30 hours.

One suggestion for such a vessel—the one shown in the photograph below—was made by Dr. Hugo Gernsback in a recent issue of Everyday Science and Mechanics. This man-made sea monster would, literally, skim the water. Batteries of powerful airplane propellers would pull it along at such a high rate of speed that only a small part of its streamlined hull would rest in the water. Huge wings, projecting from either side near the stern would provide additional lift.

Such a ship would be as long as, or longer, than the largest of the ocean liners in service today, but it would be made of some strong, light weight metal, like aluminum, and would weigh from 8,000 to 10,000 tons. A modern greyhound of the sea weighs about 50,000 tons.

The machinery, fuel tanks, express, mail and freight would be placed well astern so that the bow would be lifted. Instead of the underwater screws that drive the liners of the present, the speedy "skimmers" would be equipped with two huge and up-tilted propellers at the bow and with several smaller propellers along the upper part of the superstructure. The angle at which the propellers are set would tend to lift the ship while pulling it forward.

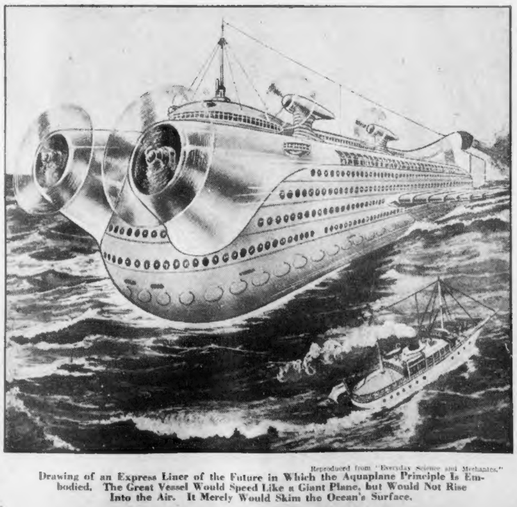
The big wings set near the stern woud help to keep the super-liner steady and on an even keel and gyroscopes would increase the stability of the craft.

Open decks, such as those on the fastest of the liners in use today would, of course, be out of the question. Passengers could not keep their feet, nor get their breath, with a ship skimming over the waves at 100 miles an hour.

The power plant of such a ship could be electric, steam or Diesel motors. The ship would have only one funnel and this would be horizontal and project beyond the stern, as shown in the drawing.

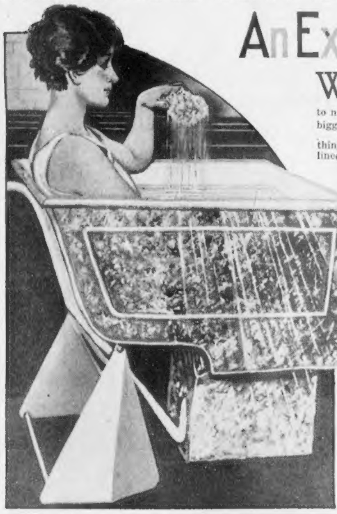
The lifting and stabilizing wings, which the proposed high speed ships would borrow from the field of aviation, could be made so that they could be collapsed and drawn inside the hull when the ship finished its run and was ready to dock.

Shipping magnates are frankly interested in the plans for ships that would have seemed as fantastic as a Jules Verne dream a few years ago. They know that it probably is impractical, if not impossible, to build a ship along orthodox lines that can average more than 30 miles an hour across either the Atlantic or the Pacific. It is only within the past year or two that liners have been built that can attain this speed and cross the Atlantic in something like four and a half days. On the proposed winged, streamlined and airplane-propellered super-liners, the voyage from New York to London or Havre would be a thrilling overnight trip.



Reproduced from "Everyday Science and Mechanics."

Drawing of an Express Liner of the Future in Which the Aquaplane Principle Is Embodied. The Great Vessel Would Speed Like a Giant Plane, but Would Not Rise Into the Air. It Merely Would Skim the Ocean's Surface.



The New Type Arm Chair Bathtub Now in Vogue in Germany. It Is Especially Adapted to Those Who Dwell in Cramped Apartments.

The "Arm Chair" Bath

A GERMAN sanitary engineer has just put on the market a radical departure in bath tubs which ought to interest people who live in what sometimes are called "vest pocket" apartments. The inspiration came to him when he was called upon to install the plumbing in a Berlin apartment house with bathrooms so small that none of them could accommodate a full-sized tub. He designed and built what he called an "arm chair" tub, like the one shown in the photograph above.

The tenant who got this first abbreviated bath tub liked it so well and found the device so comfortable and practical that all the other bath rooms in the building were equipped with tubs of the same type.

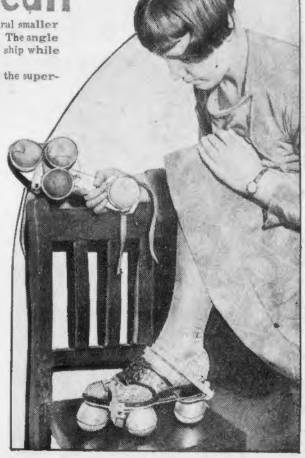
There is plenty of space, even in a bathroom not more than eight or 10 feet square, for a chair tub because the whole apparatus does not take up more than an area four feet square. Many of the smaller models are only a yard each way.

Just how the toy tub works can be seen in the photograph. The good-looking fraulein is comfortably installed in the seat with its back at the proper angle and plenty of room for her feet in the box-like projection that also serves as part of the tub's foundation. To give this aid to health and happiness stability, there are two sturdy legs attached to the seat section of the tub.

The hot water and cold water taps are located in the front end of the tub about midway between the floor and the top. And a drain pipe leads from the cubical bottom of the tub. It requires only a few minutes to fill the tub or empty it with water of just the proper temperature.

The first arm chair tubs were made of metal and are so light in weight that one man can carry them easily. Some of the later models were fashioned of porcelain.

Almost everyone who has one of the tiny tubs agrees that they are a delight to use and quite as comfortable as the usual long, low tub. Even if there was plenty of room for the standard tub they would choose one of the arm chair type. Some of the new tubs are equipped with a shower attachment and waterproof curtains.



At the Recent International Exhibition of Inventions in London, These "Skates" With Globular Pads for Fitting Over Shoes Were Shown. They Were Hailed as Boons to Those Suffering From Tired Feet.

Skates for Tired Feet

HUNDREDS of devices have been designed to relieve the pains and the discomforts of a foot-weary world. These intended boons to humanity range all the way from the familiar inner sole to motorized roller skates fitted with balloon tires. Inventors are turning out new gadgets of this sort all the time for they know, if they hit upon a sensible and popular idea they will be rewarded by the thanks—and the money—of their grateful fellowmen.

One of the latest, and one of the strangest, aids to comfortable walking recently was displayed at the International Exhibition of Inventions, in London. At first glance these "skates" appeared to be sandals equipped with resilient roller bearings, but the "bearings" were ordinary tennis balls and they did not roll: they merely cushioned the shocks of the sidewalk and the highway.

The balls are set in metal cups firmly attached to the bottoms of the sandals, which are light in weight and large enough to be strapped over the wearer's shoes. It was not hard to believe that the "skates" would be extremely easy on the feet and give one the feeling that he was walking on air.

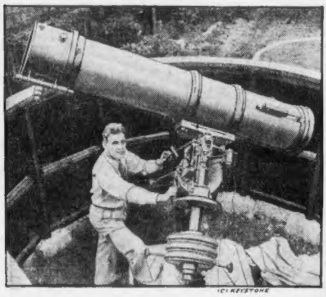
It was not the inventor's intention that people should build such comfortable footwear for themselves, using their old tennis balls for "soles." He simply used the materials he had at hand to demonstrate what seemed to him a practical idea. The air-filled spheres could, he explained, be made of several different materials and could be inflated to exactly the right tension to provide the maximum of comfort. He thought that some manufacturer of footwear might be taken with the invention and make something similar which could be manufactured in quantity and offered to the public at a reasonable price.

Just how far the invention will get is something that the creator of the "skates" doesn't know, but his funny-looking shoes attracted a great deal of attention and brought many inquiries, one from a maker of sporting goods who sells beach togs all over the British Empire and another from the general manager of one of the British capital's largest department stores who, apparently, was thinking of his foot-weary clerks.

Mystery of the Big Spot on Saturn

A View of the Giant Spot Discovered on the Gaseous Face of the Planet Saturn by Mr. Will Hay, London Music Hall Comedian and Amateur Astronomer, A Discovery Which Turned the Eyes of Every Professional Astronomer on the Planet.

Important Discovery Made by a Music Hall Comedian With the Amateur Telescope in His Backyard Arouses the Interest of All the Professional Astronomers



(C) KEYSTONE

Mr. Will Hay, Stage Comedian, Whose Hobby Is Astronomy, Photographed With His 12½-Inch Telescope Which Is Set Up in His Backyard.

ON the night of August 3 an English music hall comedian, Mr. Will Hay, came home from his performance of fun and jokes, went out in the backyard, put his eye to his modest amateur telescope—and discovered an enormous white spot on the planet Saturn. Not one of the professional astronomers with their huge telescopes, mounted at advantageous spots all over the world, had reported what had suddenly happened on the face of Saturn. A day or two later, however, Herr Weber, of the official German observatory at Potsdam, reported that he had noticed the spot an hour or so earlier than Mr. Hay's observation, but evidently Herr Weber was unwilling to believe his own eyes, since the news was not telegraphed to other observatories for confirmation.

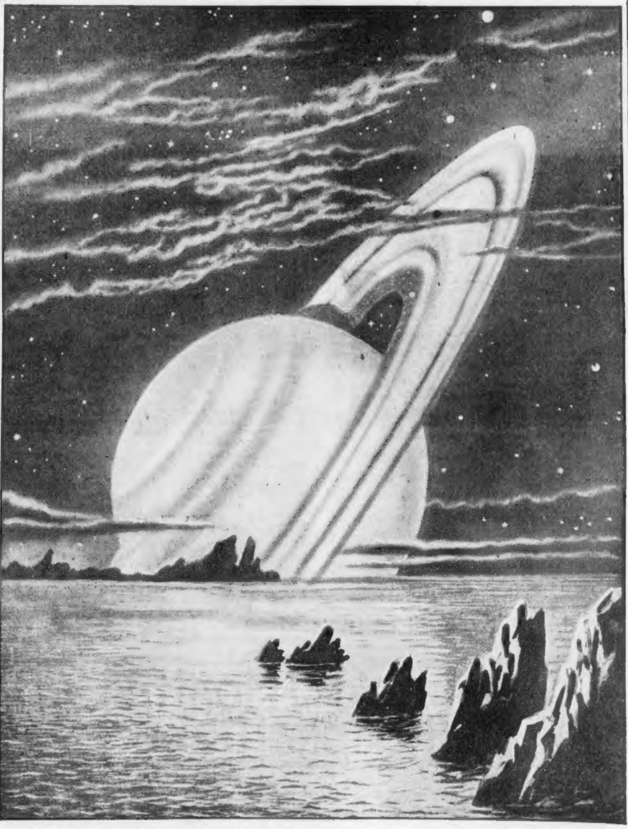
Mr. Hay, on the other hand, telephoned immediately to Dr. W. H. Steavenson, of the British Observatory at Greenwich. Dr. Steavenson immediately rushed to the eyepiece of the large Greenwich telescope and Mr. Hay's amateur discovery was confirmed. Other observatories throughout the world were notified immediately, but even before the news reached Washington, Mr. John E. Willis, of the United States Naval Observatory, had noticed the same spot and had called other astronomers to confirm his observation. Within a day or two after Mr. Hay's observation the giant spot was seen and measured by hundreds of observatories and amateur astronomers all over the world.

Just what happened so suddenly on Saturn is a mystery. But whatever it was, it was something of tremendous magnitude. Saturn has a diameter of about 70,000 miles—nearly nine times the diameter of the earth—and the great white spot was one-tenth of the planet's diameter, or 7,000 miles wide. The spot was almost big enough to drop the Earth into.

Prof. Willis suggests that possibly the cause of the tremendous disturbance may have been that the planet was struck by a huge meteor. Another theory, proposed by South American astronomers, is that a gigantic volcanic eruption or some other explosion occurred deep inside the planet's atmosphere and opened a hole nearly large enough to eject the Earth, although there is no evidence that anything actually was thrown out of this hole unless it was invisible gas, which telescopes could not observe.

Most astronomers imagine, however, that the most reasonable explanation of the white spot is that it is caused in some way by enormous storms or similar convulsions in the thick atmosphere which is believed to surround Saturn and the outer surface of which is all that earthly observers of the planet ever see. On the planet Jupiter, next inside Saturn and of similar character although larger, there has been visible for about fifty years the famous "red spot," which changes from year to year in shape and color. Smaller spots also are visible from time to time on Jupiter, and seem to move slowly over the planet's surface much as the tops of gigantic atmospheric storms might do. Just what causes the fifty-year-long storm underneath Jupiter's red spot, or what is causing the present white-spot storm on Saturn, astronomers confess that they can only conjecture.

While it may never be known what happened, yet the astronomers quickly seized upon the spot as a method to check the time it takes the planet Saturn to rotate on its axis. They are very anxious to find out the exact length of a day on this planet.



How the Planet Saturn, Which Is Lighter Than Water, Would Float on an Ocean If There Was Anywhere in the Universe an Ocean Big Enough to Support It. As the Planet Is 600 Times Bigger Than the Earth, There Would Be No Room for It Here.

More than a century ago the great British astronomer, William Herschel, noticed on Saturn a spot perhaps not unlike the present one, and observed that this seemed to move in position from night to night. Thus it was first proved that Saturn spins on an axis, just as the Earth and other planets do. Another Saturn spot was seen briefly in 1858, but it lasted too short a time to provide a good measurement of the time of the planet's rotation, fixing the Saturnian "day." On December 7, 1876, however, there appeared the third of the recorded Saturnian spots, a great white spot observed by Professor Asaph Hall, then of the United States Naval Observatory, and which seems to have been much like the present spot discovered by Mr. Hay.

From the apparent motion of this spot from night to night, Professor Hall deduced that Saturn turns on its axis once in 10 hours, 14 minutes and 24 seconds. Later observations, especially of another white spot discovered by the American astronomer Barnard in 1903, have confirmed this value closely for the "day" of the central part of the planet's visible disc, but indicate a substantially slower speed and a longer day for parts of the planet closer to the poles.

This is what would be expected on the theory that the surface seen by earthly astronomers is merely the outer surface of the atmosphere. Such an atmosphere always spins faster at the planet's equator than at the poles, the difference being adjusted by currents inside the atmosphere like the gigantic system of trade winds and other continual currents in the atmosphere of the earth.

No additional improvement of this measurement is likely to be the result from the present white spot.

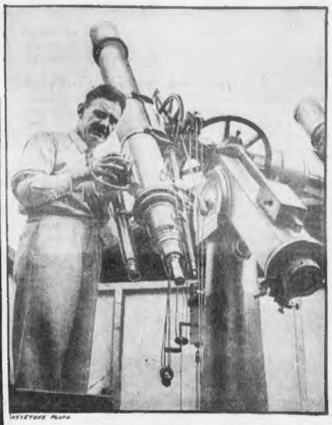
This is especially unfortunate, for Saturn still presents to the astronomers some of the most puzzling and unanswerable questions offered by any of the heavenly bodies. One of these puzzles, from the first glimpse of them by Galileo until the last few years, is that of Saturn's mysterious rings, objects which are absolutely unique in the known universe.

Saturn's remarkable ring system includes three symmetrical, concentric rings. The inner edge of the ring nearest to the planet, known as the dusky or crepe ring, is separated from the planet's surface by a scant 7,000 miles. It extends outward uniformly in all directions for about 11,000 miles and gradually merges into the second ring, known as the bright ring.

This ring extends 18,000 miles beyond the dusky ring and its brightness increases towards its outer border. It it decidedly the brightest and largest of the three rings.

It is separated from the third and last ring, which is of the same width as the crepe ring, by a narrow gap of about 3,000 miles uniformly wide in all parts. This peculiar opening between the rings is known as "Cassini's Division," since it was first discovered by the astronomer Cassini.

Only within very recent years have astronomers found out the nature of these rings—the material of which they are composed. They say that beyond a doubt the rings are composed of particles of meteoric matter. It might be called star dust. They revolve about the planet in obedience to the same laws that govern all satellites.



KEYSTONE Photo

Photograph of Comedian Hay With Another of His Backyard Telescopes.

Perhaps the rings originated ages ago, in the first days of the Solar System, by the explosion or disintegration of some inner moon of Saturn. Or possibly the processes of ring evolution are working in the reverse direction, so that the myriads of tiny moonlets in the present rings one day will coalesce into new moons, of which objects, however, one might think that Saturn already has plenty. It has nine, perhaps ten.

At present the rings are so tilted that the part of the ball of the planet which is seen through them is the North Pole and the northern hemisphere. Before 1921 it was the southern hemisphere which was visible, as will be true again after the next edgewise showing of the rings three years from now. Since the present mysterious white spot is almost exactly on the center of the planet, at its equator, the varying positions of the rings make little difference in seeing it. Some celestial telescopes invert all objects so that they look upside down, which explains some recent drawings of Saturn showing the rings tilted the other way from those in the reproduction of this page and the white spot below them instead of above them. Astronomically it makes no difference, since there really are no such things as "up" or "down" in space except as these are assigned arbitrarily by the astronomers.

If astronomers now understand the once mysterious rings reasonably well, there is no such simple explanation of many puzzling features of the ball of the planet itself. For one thing, Saturn is the lightest of all the planets, so light that it actually would float in water if there existed anywhere in the universe an ocean large enough to contain it. Another mystery is that the outer surface of the atmosphere certainly is extremely cold, probably about 250 degrees, Fahrenheit, below zero. It is extremely difficult to reconcile this fact with the planet's extreme lightness, which looks as though a large part of the ball were composed of gas. How any gas can exist in such large amounts at such a low temperature is something that neither astronomers nor physicists can understand.

One theory, due to Professor Donald H. Menzel, of Harvard, is that the atmosphere may consist largely of the hydrogen gas used on earth to fill balloons, the lightest gas known to science, and that the outer part of the solid ball inside this hydrogen atmosphere may be a thick layer of solid hydrogen, constituting the "rocky" crust of Saturn instead of the rocks on earth. This would explain both the intense cold of Saturn's outer surface and the puzzling lightness of the whole body, for solid hydrogen acting as a "rock" would weigh less than one-tenth as much as water or ice.

In Saturn's hydrogen atmosphere, Professor Menzel's theory continues, there may be floating clouds of tiny ice crystals, like floating volcanic dust in the atmosphere of the earth after a gigantic eruption. If such things as volcanoes exist at all on Saturn, presumably they spout out such "fiery" liquids as liquid hydrogen or liquid air, or even liquid water if the volcanic eruption is violent enough, for these liquids would be just as hot in relation to the probable temperature of Saturn as white hot lava is in relation to the temperature on earth.

If this theory is correct, the present white spot may be a vast storm of tiny ice crystals or crystals of some other solid unfamiliar on earth, such as solid ammonia or solid carbon dioxide gas, lifted to the higher levels of the atmosphere by some meteorological convulsion.

About the solid surface, ice or solid hydrogen or whatever it may be, these theories tell little except that conditions there must be very different from anything on earth. Perhaps, long ages ago, Saturn may have been more like the earth and may have been inhabited by creatures long since frozen to death. Or perhaps Saturn's turn at life has not yet come but is destined to arrive ages hence in the form of creatures with bones of ice or frozen carbon dioxide and with liquid hydrogen in their veins, so different from life on earth as to be quite unimaginable.

Stole 6 Hospital Rabbits, and 600 Million Germs

THE man who stole the livestock from the General Hospital in Lincoln, Nebraska, didn't know that he was getting, in addition to six rabbits and thirty guinea pigs, about 630,000,000 germs. They were bad germs, deadly germs, of meningitis, tuberculosis, arthritis, or—as one guinea pig might have said to another— "What have you?"

The infected animals were stolen from the pen where they were kept, behind the hospital. They had been inoculated with the germs of these virulent infectious diseases for experimental purposes, and they represented a vital part of months and months of research work which the staff physicians had been carrying on. But the loss to science, great as it was, has not worried the hospital people —what they were frantic about was the possibility of these pigs and rabbits starting an epidemic of meningitis or diphtheria, or some such dire disease.

There was grave danger to anybody who might come in contact with the infected animals, especially children, who do not hesitate to fondle and even kiss tame pets. An alarm was sent out through the press, over the radio and by other methods.

"Dreadful things might happen if any of these rabbits were used for food," declared the superintendent of the hospital, "and it is scarcely less dangerous for anyone to handle them."

Thus began the great rabbit and guinea pig hunt which future generations of Lincoln citizens will remember as the outstanding excitement of 1933. To be sure that any of these animals, if at large, would not escape, it was necessary to kill not only these rabbits and guinea pigs, but any rabbit or guinea pig that roamed the highways and byways. And Lincoln, right on the verge of the prairies, is the place where hundreds if not thousands of prairie rabbits come to shop for fresh garden lettuce and such goodies.

At night and in the early morning these cottontail visitors, more numerous than alley cats, scamper across the lawns of good Lincoln citizens and make shameful raids on back yard gardens. An intensive hunt for them began, with no quarter shown. Any rabbit hopping across the greensward might be a carrier of meningitis, of scarlet fever, to say nothing of rabbit fever or sleeping sickness. Hundreds of Lincoln families, especially those with children, made armed camps of their homes, and vigilantes took pot shots at any and all rabbits from their doorsteps, then picked up the dead animals with gloved hands and put them where they would do nobody any harm.

Each Citizen of Lincoln Became a Vigilante and Made War Against Every Inoffensive Rabbit That Invaded His Yard. Thousands of the Little Animals Died.

The authorities made public appeals to the thief or thieves who stole the hospital animals to destroy them at once—it was too much to hope that the germy pets would be returned—and by no means to eat them. A thief infected with diphtheria or meningitis is as much of a menace as an inoculated animal running at large. The police hoped the thieves would read or hear about the danger they were in and follow these instructions, but on the other hand it was possible that small boys, who do not read the newspapers, might have been responsible for the theft of the hospital pets, and special pains had to be taken to get all boys lined up in the crusade.

The hunt went on for days, and it was all very exciting. Hundreds of country rabbits that had nothing worse than abnormal appetites bit the dust. Of guinea pigs there were none, for these little animals are not frequently kept as pets, and even when they are they are not allowed to go out without a chaperon.

All policemen kept their weather eyes peeled for suspicious persons carrying rabbits or guinea pigs, but only two arrests were made. Two young men, arrested on another charge, were found to have police records, and as soon as the fact became known witnesses appeared who testified that they had seen these sinister persons in the act of trying to sell somebody a pair of rabbit skins.

"Who—us?" said the indignant prisoners. "Say, if we ever get so hard up we have to bootleg rabbit skins for a living, you can send us to the hoosegow for keeps."

The suspicious young men proved an alibi on the charge of possessing concealed rabbits or disposing of their hides, so nothing came of it.

The scare at last died down, for people got tired of shooting rabbits, no epidemic broke out, and wise citizens figured that if the rabbits and guinea pigs had been running around with these terrible diseases under their skins all this time, they ought to be dead by now.

Some of them are very hardy animals, however, who defy death from many diseases that check humans out in a hurry. And a few had been undergoing free treatment at the hospital, so the doctors might see if this method or that would cure them. So some of them may be living yet to tell the tale to their big-eyed brothers out on the prairie, provided they have escaped from their captors or have been turned loose.

One doctor who had filled several notebooks with extensive data on his rabbit and guinea pig researches sorrowfully tore them all up and had to begin again. The hospital now has a new crop of experimental animals, but they are kept in a bigger and better pen, in a place not so convenient for larceny.

But with all the excitement and all the germ education that Lincoln has gone through, it is extremely unlikely that anybody will steal the new pets and their microbes.

Tries To Murder Rich Uncle, But Only Stabs Dummy

A MASKED face appeared in the bedroom window of Augustin Leroux, old and wealthy retired merchant of Nimes, France. A hand slowly opened the window further and the eyes above the mask peered in.

How fortunate that the window opened so easily and silently.

It was past midnight, but a faint moonlight revealed a figure under the bedclothes, lying partly on its face, most convenient for a murderer to strike with a knife, as was the purpose of the masked man. The inner side of the bed, against the wall, where Madame Leroux always slept, was empty. A third piece of luck—again the masked visitor congratulated himself.

His business was only with the old man. He hoped to silence him with the first stroke, but he had feared that the wife's screams might arouse the neighbors, and if he had to run it would perhaps interfere with some of the details of his carefully planned perfect crime. But, fortunately, this night, the old lady was not by her husband's side. Things could not have been better arranged. He would now take plenty of time, be cool, and do it right.

The masked man produced a long, pointed knife, and measuring the distance carefully, made sure that he could reach the unconscious figure. But first he withdrew his head to look up and down the street.

Not a person was to be seen, not a footfall to be heard and ten minutes before he had seen the patrolman pass on his two-hourly rounds. The masked man now leaned in the window again and, raising the knife as high as possible to get the full sweep of his arm and the weight of his body behind it, plunged the steel deep into the motionless figure beneath.

Like lightning, he repeated the blow three times, but strangely enough there was no death struggle nor outcry from the bed. The assassin paused a minute, as if puzzled, and started to examine the blade of his knife. But though the victim made no sound, there were sudden shouts from the next room:

"Quick! Catch him!"

The assassin turned to run, but the front door flew open, people rushed out, surrounded him and, to his amazement, he saw facing him, with pistol aimed, old Augustin Leroux, the very person into whose back he thought he had plunged a knife four times.

Staring as if he were seeing a ghost, the masked man dropped his knife and allowed himself to be captured and unmasked without a struggle.

"Georges!" It was a gasp of pain from the old man, as if he had been stabbed to the heart. The trembling youth did not deny his identity, but finally he blurted out:

"Who—who was in that bed?"

"You mean the man you just stabbed to death?" asked the old man, his voice hardening.

"Yes," answered Georges, "but perhaps he isn't dead yet. Call a doctor."

"You thought you were murdering me, didn't you?" pursued old Leroux sternly. "You were going to repay me for all I have done for you by driving a knife into my back."

"Please call a doctor before it is too late. They will send me to the guillotine or Devil's Island," the trembling Georges pleaded.

"That's where murderers deserve to go," snapped the old merchant. "You were eager enough to murder your own uncle, but now you are whining to save a stranger. What did you do it for? Why did you want to kill me?"

"Pour le Dieu, get a doctor!"

"Not till you answer."

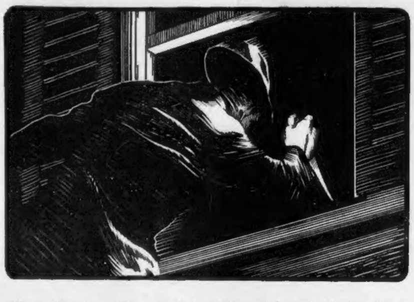
"It was—it was on account of the will. I was afraid you were going to cut me off—"

"I knew it! I knew it!" shouted the old man triumphantly. "That's exactly as it was foretold. Now, you young murderer, march along to the police station."

"But you said you'd get a doctor."

"Too late, Georges," said Mme. Leroux, "I have just looked and he is beyond human aid."

"Who was it?" moaned the youth, but they hustled him along with the curt promise that he would learn it all at the police station. He did, but first the police extracted a full confession.


After Looking Up and Down the Dark and Deserted Street, the Shadowy Figure Leaned in the Window and Plunged His Knife Again and Again Into the Motionless Form Below Him.

Georges Leroux had been old Augustin's favorite nephew, a youth whom the merchant favored with gifts of money and other presents. Also Georges knew that he had been put down in the will for a handsome inheritance. Not content to wait for this, he had already begun to borrow on the strength of it and spent the money in riotous living.

The old man had no intention of leaving his honestly-earned francs to be dissipated in any such manner and, after many lectures, warned the young wastrel that the next offense would mean cutting him out of the will. Georges had tried to keep his later misbehavior concealed from his uncle, but recently he had gotten into a scrape with a girl, which he knew would soon reach the rich man's ears.

The only way to preserve that inheritance seemed to be to kill Uncle Augustin before he had time to make a new will. Of course, he was sorry to kill a relative and benefactor, but then he was so aged that perhaps it didn't matter much. So he had come to the window and stabbed somebody in his uncle's bed.

"And they wouldn't call a doctor or do a thing to save him," wailed Georges. "Who was he, anyway?"

The police seemed curiously indifferent to this neglect of a dying man. Dr. Gaston Sevier, medical-jurisprudence expert who had been summoned from his bed, asked:

"Do you remember when you planned this crime?"

"Last night," was the answer.

"About what hour?"

"Sometime between midnight and one o'clock."

The old merchant and his wife glanced at each other.

"The very hour!" they agreed.

"Magnifique!" exclaimed the doctor. "This is the most perfect case of telepathy I have ever known.

"Georges Leroux," he continued, turning to the prisoner, "you may be interested to know that on the night and hour you were plotting the crime, your uncle had a nightmare in which a masked figure did exactly what you have done. It was so vivid that M. Leroux and Madame asked the police for protection.

"The police are not to blame that they were not interested at first. They do not deal in dreams. But I happened to be present and recognized the possibility of thought-transference. So we had them watch with others from an adjoining room, we oiled that window and we made up that dummy in the bed to encourage you——"

"Dummy!" echoed Georges, with a cry of relief. "Then I have not killed anybody. I have not committed any crime."

"Oh, yes, you have," the police told him, as they placed him in a cell. "You are charged with attempted murder."

But Georges retained a lawyer who expects to free his client, despite his confession and all the witnesses, on a technicality. His view is that a person is not guilty of attempted murder, unless the attempt has some chance of success, which his client's certainly had not. Before his nephew was released on bail, Uncle Augustin read the new will through the bars, to make sure that the young scapegrace would not try it again. It was not good news.

Baby Held 8 Months For Hospital Debt

BECAUSE her father couldn't pay the hospital bill, Baby Elaine Shopkus spent the first eight months of her life a prisoner in a Chicago hospital.

Like nearly all such institutions that are not run on a charity basis, the hospital required payment of a patient's bill before the patient left the hospital. Mrs. Stanley Shopkus, the mother of Elaine, managed to get out as soon as she was able to navigate, but the hospital held the baby as security. Elaine had not exactly come in as a patient, but the hospital interpreted her that way just the same. Mother Shopkus could come and visit her while the debt still remained unpaid, but she couldn't take Elaine away with her.

Papa Shopkus paced the floor all night and canvassed his friends all day, trying to raise the money. He hadn't known the new baby was going to cost so dreadfully much, and he had had an idea that he could pay for Elaine a dollar down and a dollar a week, maybe, and have her at home on approval all the time he was paying. But no—the hospital didn't do business that way.

Papa Shopkus raised one-twelfth of the sum he owed the hospital, but that was the best he could do, in spite of all his efforts.

"Eleven more payments, mommer," he said, perspiring in agitation, "and we own the baby."

But months and months passed before Papa Shopkus was able to cut his indebtedness down as far as $60. The trouble was that the baby was running the bill higher all the time it stayed at the hospital, and babies can't live at hospitals as cheaply as they can at home. Elaine had jam-up service, of course. The nurses at the hospital grew very fond of her, because she had stayed there a lot longer than any other perfectly healthy new baby had ever stayed.

But Mommer and Papa Shopkus were at their wits' ends because if the baby kept boarding at that high-priced place and running the bill up and up, they would never get her out. She would be ready to graduate from high school before her father could call her his own unencumbered child.

Somebody told Papa Shopkus that it was unconstitutional and he ought to go to a lawyer about it. A lawyer agreed that if it wasn't unconstitutional it certainly was outrageous, and he sued for a writ of habeas corpus against G. A. Kienle, superintendent of the hospital. Elaine, he contended, was being detained in violation of her common law right of life, liberty and the pursuit of pacifiers.

The case came up before Judge Joseph B. David, a small, fiery and eloquent jurist who has become widely known as a champion of human rights who cuts the corners and slashes legal red tape with a mighty scythe when he wants to administer straight-from-the-shoulder justice.

Turmoil stirred the court room. The judge shouted, the lawyers shouted, the superintendent of the hospital shouted. And all the time Baby Elaine was snoozing peacefully in a nurse's arms, still a prisoner but not long to remain one.

"It's an outrage!" Judge David roared. "It's a disgrace to our civilization. Here this father has to come into court to force a hospital to give him his own child." The judge choked. "Just because he couldn't pay a bill!

"Here, you father, take your child!"

Kienle and his lawyer shouted about their constitutional rights, but the judge out-shouted them.

"You're just a bunch of chiselers!" the judge thundered. "Your hospital is a disgrace." Then he turned and sputtered at the clerk:

"Get this down—the hospital pays all the court costs of this hearing."

So Elaine now belongs to Papa and Mommer Shopkus. They still owe the hospital money, but the hospital will have to wait.

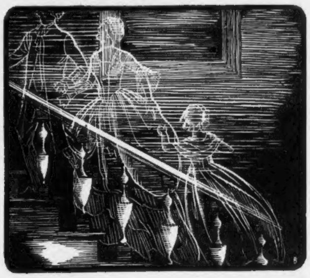
Ghosts Drive Tenants From Ancient Inn

ON the outskirts of the French-Canadian village of Sainte Jeanne d'Arc d'Almaville, in Quebec, stands an ancient inn, a haunted house which nobody dares to live in. Recently, after staying vacant for a long time, it was renovated and made over into four apartments, one to a floor, and three families moved in. But they moved out after a series of terrifying visits from three ghosts—a man ghost, a woman ghost, and a baby ghost, and now the whole village avoids the place with dread.

No one of the present generation knew that the old house was haunted, because it had been deserted so long and nobody had tried to stay there at night. But it was not long after the house was occupied by its new tenants that the phantoms began to assert themselves. The three families had occupied the first, second and fourth floors of the old dwelling, leaving the third floor untenanted. For some reason unexplained, nobody had ever liked that third floor, though the rent was low and the apartment was as good as any of the others in the house. Prospective tenants just fidgeted and shook their heads. There was a certain something about the place that repelled them.

The flat remained vacant, and very soon after the tenants had settled themselves in the three other apartments the ghostly goings-on began. Just before midnight the first and second floor tenants, Maurice Martin and Philippe Samson and their families, heard footsteps ascending the staircase. First there were the heavy footsteps of a man, then the lighter tread of a woman, and last of all the light, halting steps of a little child. The Martins and the Samsons wondered who on earth it could be. Surely the Laramees, who lived on the top floor, could not be receiving visitors at this time of night.

But the footsteps of the man, the woman and the little child did not go as high up as the top floor. They stopped at the third floor, and the listeners downstairs heard them open the door of the unoccupied apartment and go in. Then there were faint sounds of people moving about, scraping chairs on the floor and talking quietly.


The Heavy Footsteps of the Man, the Lighter Tread of the Woman and the Hesitant Footfalls of the Little Child Sounded on the Stairs.

The mystified tenants downstairs knew there was no furniture in the vacant flat and the floor was entirely without lights. Soon they heard voices raised in quarrel and the child started whimpering. Then there were sounds of open dispute between the man and the woman, an angry torrent of words in French, and then there was the noise of scuffling and a piercing scream from the woman. There were the thuds of furniture being overturned, more screams from the woman, then a strangled cry and she was silent. The child's cries had been lowered to breathless sobs. Then the door opened and the heavy tramping of feet down the stairs was heard.

The tenants of the other three flats rushed to the third floor, sure that a dreadful crime had been committed, but what they really found was more frightening. The flat was still pitch-dark, the door locked. They burst their way in and lighted matches. The room was bare of furniture. The floor was covered with the dust of months. It had not been used since the old hotel had been rebuilt. The superstitious villagers crossed themselves in terror and went back to their rooms to spend a sleepless night.

But more of it, and worse, was yet to come. The next night the same hair-raising drama was enacted again, and many times more during the month that followed. Tenants moved out of houses in the neighborhood of the haunted inn, which was set back about fifty paces from the provincial highway and had rather large grounds. Martin, Laramee and Samson, the three men whose families lived in the haunted house, worked up enough courage one night to keep watch on the stairs.

They were frozen with fear when they heard the phantoms approaching again. The heavy footsteps of the man, the lighter tread of the woman and the hesitant footfalls of the little child sounded on the stairs. They passed right up to the shivering men who waited there—and through them. The door of the third-floor flat opened and slammed again, and the same startling procedure of the quarrel and murder followed as usual.

On the verge of nervous collapse, the three men and their neighbors went to their parish priest, the Rev. Father Dusablon, for advice and comfort. The kindly abbe told them they should not believe in ghosts, that someone had been playing a prank on them, but nothing he could say could convince them. He agreed, thinking it would quiet their fears, to bless the old building and to sprinkle holy water around it. But the visit of the three phantoms, watchers said, occurred again that very night.

The tenants abandoned their flats. The whole village turned out one night soon following to watch at the old inn and see if there were really ghosts that came to it. But on this night nothing whatsoever happened.

Aged residents of Sainte Jeanne d'Arc d'Almaville now recall that there was a story they had heard in their youth, and forgotten for all these years, that a man had murdered his wife, over a century ago, in the old inn. He had escaped and had left the child whimpering over the dead body of the woman. He had never been captured or punished, but now, say the old folk of the village, it is all very plain. He is being punished for all eternity by being doomed, in the spirit, to re-enact over and over the murder of his wife.

Anybody who wants to run a hotel in this Quebec village can get one cheap. But he can't expect to get the natives for customers. They make wide detours about the site of the haunted inn, and when they absolutely have to pass it they cross themselves devoutly.

Arkansas' Church War Comedy Turns to Tragedy

After a Two-Year Conflict in Which Rival Ministers Try to Preach Each Other Down, Rival Choirs Sing Different Hymns at Once and Women Tear the Clothes Off a Visiting Preacher in the Pulpit, One of the Fighting Pastors of the Big Jonesboro Tabernacle Uses His Gun, Is Charged With Murder—and His Enemies Try to Assassinate Him In His Prison Cell

When the Rev. H. W. Applegate Ascended the Pulpit and Announced He Had Been Deputized to Preach, 100 Women of the Opposite Faction Rose From Their Pews, Pulled Him From the Altar, and Tore Off His Coat, Shirt, Suspenders and Most of His Undershirt.

THREE explosions crashed and echoed through the big Baptist Tabernacle of Jonesboro, Ark., like thunderbolts from on high, just as a peaceful afternoon was drawing to a close.

They were not divine thunderbolts, but something almost as startling and unbelievable. The minister, the Rev. Dale Crowley, had shot and fatally wounded John MacMurdo, a watchman placed in the church by a rival minister, the Rev. Joseph Jeffers. The Rev. Mr. Crowley was jailed, and a few nights later, as he lay asleep in his cell, a mysterious burst of pistol fire was directed at him. He escaped injury.

The Rev. Joseph Jeffers, Founder of the Tabernacle, and His Sister, Willie, Who Often Preached in His Absence.

Abruptly the Mid-South stopped laughing at this church war which had been going on for three years and had been considered by outsiders as a "howling farce comedy." Behind the ridiculous spectacle of the two flocks' antics, such as dissenting women pulling the preacher from the pulpit, tearing off his coat, suspenders, shirt and most of his underwear, two ministers trying to "preach each other down," two hostile congregations trying "to pray each other down," and two rival choirs, singing different hymns at the top of their lungs drowning each other out, all in the same House of God, consecrated to peace and brotherly love—behind all this clowning had been a dreadful earnestness which even the authorities did not suspect until they took the Rev. Mr. Crowley to jail charged with murder.

National Guard on Duty Outside the Jonesboro Tabernacle After One of the Battles Between the Rival Factions.

Mrs. Dale Crowley, Wife of the Preacher Accused of Murder. Who Stands Loyally by Her Husband.

The trouble began when the Rev. Joseph Jeffers, known as "Fighting Joe," a militant evangelist, came from Texas and, as his enemies said, "muscled in" on the First Baptist Church of Jonesboro, a town of 15,000 hitherto quiet people. The Rev. Mr. Jeffers was not satisfied with the decorous policy of the local church as conducted by its pastor, the Rev. Dow Heard. Promptly he started organizing a revival, by the latest evangelistic methods which the dignified elders of the church described as "circusing religion."

One of his most interesting novelties consisted in reading the record from the pulpit of prominent citizens. If these sinners would not join the church, walk the sawdust trail and confess their sins, he would confess for them. When the Rev. Mr. Heard announced his opposition to such tactics, the evangelist declared that the pastor had "failed to take the two-edged sword of God's word to smite the evil forces in Jonesboro," and immediately started a movement to have the Rev. Mr. Heard dismissed as pastor.

Backers of Minister Heard organized, and a counter-fight to suppress Minister Jeffers and his revival was opened. A score of congregation members, listed as Minister Jeffers' sympathizers, were black-listed from the church roll. The climax in the first civil war came when a free-for-all fight was staged at the church one night and several persons were arrested, one of them, a Jeffersite, being lodged in jail.

The pot had boiled over in earnest. Jeffers and his followers marched to the county jail and succeeded in gaining the release of their brother when they threatened to storm the prison. At the court hearing it was next to impossible properly to conduct proceedings and the National Guards were ordered to duty. They were in the city three days and nights. As a troublemaker the Rev. Jeffers had the Communists green with envy.

Minister Jeffers disapproved of this temporal interference in his spiritual quarrel with his faction of the congregation, and appeared at the city hall to hold a protest prayer meeting. Mayor Herbert Bosler refused permission for this, but allowed him to lead in a moment of prayer.

It was a long moment, and the evangelist used it to ask the Lord to strike the mayor dead with a bolt of lightning. The Rev. Mr. Jeffers seemed so serious and confident that some good people became alarmed and asked the police to stop it. But the chief looked at the mayor, who was grinning in spite of his peril, and said that as far as he knew there was no law against "bumping a man off by prayer."

As the prayer went on and on, without a rumble in the sky, one of the Jeffersites could not stand the suspense any longer and suddenly felt himself appointed a divine agent. Edging forward he struck the mayor down, not with a bolt of lightning, but his fist.

That broke up the prayer meeting and caused several more arrests. Convictions were impossible because no jury could be chosen without at least one man who belonged to one side or the other. However, what seemed to be permanent peace came when the Rev. Mr. Jeffers and his followers left the church in a body to erect a big revival tent on an empty lot. Financially and numerically the venture was a grand success, the new congregation growing by leaps and bounds until it had more than 1,000 paying members. The main attraction was that public reading of private sins which prominent citizens had "neglected to confess."

Things were so prosperous that Minister Jeffers and his flock bought land several blocks away from the business center and decided to erect a tabernacle. One Sunday evening they paraded through the town and held a preliminary dedication ceremony. While they were still praying, some wicked person set fire to the revival tent and it went up in smoke.

Rapidly, a $15,000 frame building was built, covering nearly a block and capable of seating several thousand people. Soon this was formally dedicated to "back-to-the-Bible fundamentalism" and incidentally to peace, charity and general kindliness. Now that Minister Jeffers and his followers had a place where they could do as they pleased there seemed no excuse for trouble and, sure enough, things did quiet down for a while.

They became a bit too quiet. The Rev. Mr. Jeffers decided to go on an evangelistic tour. After a successful and not unprofitable soul-saving tour, he founded a bigger and better tabernacle at Miami where he could save the hordes of wicked tourists from New York who come down every Winter, without realizing that they are steeped in sin and iniquity. All this time there had been a succession of substitutes at the Jonesboro Tabernacle, but every little while Minister Jeffers came back for a day or two to whoop things up.

Now that he had become permanently attached to Florida, it seemed fitting to install someone permanently in his place at Jonesboro. But where could they find such another fire-eater? As if in answer to their prayers, appeared the Rev. Dale Crowley, a brother Texan.

The Rev. Mr. Crowley was no shrinking violet. While a student in Baylor University, Waco, Texas, he was expelled for charging faculty members with teaching evolution. The case attracted publicity all over the United States. Later, he staged a stormy career in various points of the Lone Star State, and for a time preached in California. Both Minister Jeffers and Minister Crowley were disciples of the Rev. Frank J. Norris, Fort Worth Texas evangelist.

So, in June of 1932, the Rev. Mr. Jeffers tendered his resignation in favor of the Rev. Mr. Crowley and returned to Florida where he had his hands full with a religious war he had started up. The new evangelist began auspiciously by reviving the almost-forgotten feud with the First Baptist Church and opening savage attacks from the pulpit and in his newspaper, "The Arkansas Fundamentalist," on city and county officials, the Rev. Mr. Heard and Dr. J. N. Mallory, president of the Jonesboro Baptist College.

This attracted no end of attention, a little more than he enjoyed. The Rev. Mr. Heard endured his abuse as long as it was delivered from the pulpit, but when the evangelist undertook to shout it at him on the street, in front of City Hall, it was a little too much to bear. The Rev. Mr. Heard gave the Rev. Mr. Crowley a first-class thrashing.

Hardly had the black eyes resulting from this "laying on of hands" returned to normal when Minister Crowley received another beating from two school boys for an alleged defamation of their mother's character printed in his paper. As a result of that article he was facing criminal charges which might have resulted in a prison sentence when the recent tragedy eclipsed everything.

However, in spite of such unpleasant experiences or perhaps because of them, the Rev. Mr. Crowley was a huge success. His was one of the biggest Baptist churches in the South, with 2,000 members, services every day in the year, radio broadcasting and Bible classes for all ages, including one for deaf and dumb persons.

The Rev. Mr. Crowley Leaving the Police Station When Released on Bail After One of His Arrests.

Down in Florida, the Rev. Mr. Jeffers watched his triumph with mixed emotions. So he returned for a visit to Jonesboro, where he was received with such a brass-band welcome that the Rev. Mr. Crowley suspected it had been organized for a purpose. When the Rev. Mr. Jeffers preached as guest pastor, there were more suspicious signs of what the irreverent would call "muscling in."

The two ministers eyed each other suspiciously, but for some time there were no open hostilities.

The dove of peace fled when Minister Jeffers, during a sermon, made a statement in regard to prohibition and the Bible. Minister Crowley jumped up on the platform and openly charged heresy. He declared that Mr. Jeffers would never again occupy the tabernacle pulpit as long as he was pastor, accusing him of being a "religious racketeer" and charging him with attempting to regain possession of the tabernacle.

There are some people who think that much evangelism is little more than a racket, but this was the first time that a professional evangelist had charged it against a brother evangelist. The war was on, with two factions far more bitter than those that had rent the First Baptist Church.

For a while there was some pretence at law and order, then it became "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Rival ministers and their followers occupied the church on alternate days, attacking the absent ones from the pulpit, but soon both sides were present simultaneously and Bedlam broke loose. The minister in the congregation would rise up and talk back to the one in the pulpit. The town was treated to the spectacle of two ministers preaching at the same moment and hurling all the ammunition in the Bible at each other.

On other occasions, when only one minister was present, the opposition made his sermon inaudible by handclapping all the way through. The two halves of the congregation prayed down sickness and calamity on each other. One night the Jeffersite choir sang, "I Shall Not Be Moved," while the Crowleyite choir tried to drown their voices with "Onward Christian Soldiers." There were so many fist fights among the flock that the police padlocked the place just like a turbulent speakeasy.

When it was reopened one peaceful Sunday, the Rev. H. W. Applegate ascended the pulpit and announced that the Rev. Mr. Crowley had deputized him to preach in his absence. At that, some 100 Jeffersite women rose from their pews, pulled him from the altar, tore off his coat, shirt, suspenders and most of his undershirt before he could escape. The ladies auctioned off the trophies for a fund to pay fines of members arrested for breach of the peace.

Last October the courts decided in favor of the Rev. Mr. Crowley and his faction, who celebrated by a service of triumph, praise and thanksgiving.

One afternoon a few days later the Rev. Mr. Crowley went to the church and ordered John MacMurdo, 68-year-old watchman, kept there by the Rev. Mr. Jeffers, to leave at once.

MacMurdo did not obey and a moment later Crowley drew a revolver and shot three times, fatally wounding the old man. The minister pleads self-defense and says MacMurdo had a gun. But it was not fired and some witnesses say it was not even drawn.

"There should be less fund and more mentalist in the fundamentalist," said the sheriff as he took the Rev. Mr. Crowley to jail to answer a charge of first degree murder.

Texas Guinan's Wise-Cracks

Snappy Repartee, Quick-Witted Resourcefulness and Devil-May-Care Quips and Jokes of the Famous "Queen of the Night Clubs" Who Was Never Disconcerted by Anything That Happened

Texas Guinan Taking It Easy in Her Own Comfortable Home.

TEXAS GUINAN, known as the "Queen of the Night Clubs," who died the other day in a hospital in Vancouver, British Columbia, had the rare gift of epigram. Never disconcerted by any mishap or trouble this quick-witted woman always had some "wisecrack" instantly on her lips.

When her nearly-nude show was forbidden in Waltham, Mass., famous for its clocks and watches, she exclaimed:

"The Mayor of the Watch City is giving me the works."

A few minutes later when the reporters called to ask her comment on the closing of her show, which was called, "Too Hot for Paris," she remarked:

"Some people are so narrow-minded that their ears touch in back."

Tex knew even better than her "guests" what a robber game the night clubs played and she greeted her patrons with her famous welcome: "Hello, sucker!" Her notorious establishments were raided again and again by Federal Prohibition agents, but she always met them with a cheery smile and a wisecrack. After being arrested so often in New York she and her troupers went to the Pacific coast and as she waved goodbye and somebody asked what her address would be she said: "Oh, any courthouse in California."

Her constant entanglements with the police never disconcerted her. It was a favorite remark of hers to say: "See you in court." On one of the numerous arrests she smiled at the officer and remarked: "I'm Nature's gift to the padlock makers and the Federal Court is my alma mammy."

Her last night club adventure was at the World's Fair in Chicago. They fitted up an imitation of a ship with pirate decorations, pilot house, bar, and so forth. She called it "The Pirate Ship." Texas and her girls dressed as pirates, but the backers of the enterprise thought the name was too suggestive of the robber prices charged for everything. It went bankrupt in three weeks.

Tex kept a sharp eye on the guests at her night clubs and tried to make sure that nobody left with more than a dime in his pocket—sometimes when his money was gone, she kept after him to buy more drinks and he settled the balance of the bill with a check.

She would often call across the room to a waiter, as she saw a guest departing.

"Here, why are you letting that bozo go? His check isn't $50 yet!"

Once when a patron started to be unpleasant about a check for $200, she shouted:

"What's the matter with that sucker, complaining of a $200 bill? Didn't he use the telephone twice?"

Even the guest laughed, turned around, put his hand in his pocket and paid the bill.

"La Guinan," as she was often called, invented many slang phrases like "Big-Butter-and-Egg-Man."

Her "Give the little girl a great big hand" became famous, and on one occasion a Federal Prohibition officer raided her club and remarked:

"I have come to give the little girl a great big hand-cuff."

One day, as she arrived in court to take her seat alongside her lawyer, she remarked "Hello Succor." The attorney was rather flabbergasted until Tex explained that in this case she spelled the word "Succor" and not "Sucker."

WHILE Miss Guinan was being held for deportation in Havre, France, a London reporter asked her:

"My paper urged me to ask you if it is true that you once tried to kill the Prince of Wales."

"Are you crazy?" shrieked Texas. "If his mother's hats never killed him, how could I?"

WHEN a newspaper columnist was about to launch a vaudeville engagement, Texas sent him this telegram:

"Darling: Don't worry. I'll be there and give you the great big hand you deserve—right across your great big mouth."

TEX was reading a book when a newspaper interviewer called on the 'phone.

"Are you very busy?" he queried.

"Not very," cooed Miss Guinan. "I was just reading a very, very sad story."

"How sad is it?"

"Well," wept Texas, "she dies—and he has to go back to his wife!"

WHILE she was playing a vaudeville engagement, a rival performer started to kid her.

"Listen here," said Texas, "I think your act is rotten—and that's only a hint."

SHE was one day outlining her plans for a new act. Her girls were to be cow-girls with chaps, spurs, sombreros, etc. She was to come to work each midnight on a white horse.

"Like Godiva?" she was asked.

"No," she said, "I'm not that old-fashioned."

LA GUINAN was one day discussing a girl who had bad bad luck. She said:

"She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth and wound up with a gold plate."

MISS GUINAN was one night cornered by a pest from Hollywood. He said:

"I am going to tell you a story without a point to it."

"Say," interrupted Miss Guinan, "you should be back making pictures."

IN describing a man who annoyed people by joining their tables without invitations, she said:

"He's the type of guy who knows no strangers."

DISCUSSING the business depression, Miss Guinan said: "Times are so hard, wives are using last year's husbands."

INFORMED that she could not enter France, Miss Guinan remarked: "I've been thrown out of better places than this."

When told she would be sent back to America, she said: "Well, in the words of Mr. Coolidge, 'I do not choose to run.'"

When she boarded the ship at Havre, on her return from France, her parting shot was: "I was a sucker to come 3,000 miles to go to jail, when every jail in America is waiting for me. Oh, well, you know me—an indiscretion a day keeps the depression away."

ON her return from France, Miss Guinan was asked if she had shown the French officials her birth certificate, she replied: "Sure I did; did you think I was won in a dice game?"

THE government impounded the trunks containing her wardrobe on her return from France. "I need some clothes," Tex groaned. "I have to retain my respectability. I'm a girl of few words but many clothes."

AMONG the many popular slang phrases that Miss Guinan originated during her remarkable career, the one for which she is best known is "a big butter and egg man." The term came to mean almost any male visitor to New York who hailed from the so-called "sticks."

The phrase rolled from Miss Guinan facile tongue one night at the Texas Guinan Club on West Forty-eighth Street. It was inspired by an anonymous and well-heeled gentleman who insisted on paying the cover charge for every guest in the place and who distributed crisp new $50 bills to the entertainers.

Miss Guinan couldn't get the fellow to tell her his name, but he did confide to her that he was making plenty of money in "the dairy produce business."

That was all Tex needed. She led her free-spending patron into the spotlight and held his hand aloft, in the manner of a referee announcing the winner of a prize fight.

"Suckers," she said, "meet a big butter-and-egg man."

JUST before Tex went on the Federal Court witness stand in her own defense after the raid on her Club Royale, she was handed a glass of water. She said: "This is great stuff—for going under bridges."

APPEARING at a meeting of the National Women's Party to protest against the New York law prohibiting women from working in many occupations after 10 p. m., Miss Guinan said: "Here I am talking about the law when the law usually talks about me."

MOMENTARILY discouraged by one of her many arrests, she announced she was going to buy an airplane, explaining: "They say I'm no good on earth, so I might as well take to the air."

ON her return from being expelled from France, she was immediately subpoenaed as a witness in Federal Court in padlocking proceedings against the Club Argonaut, No. 151 West 54th Street, where she had been hostess.

"My country needs me," she exclaimed. "Here I am back from France only three days and already in Federal Court."

"By the way," she added, "in France every jail has a bar; in this country every jail has many bars."

WHEN the Prince of Wales visited her club one evening and the crowd from the streets followed him in and stood around his table and stared at him, Tex got up on a chair and made this speech:

"Boys and girls! We've a little boy with us tonight who doesn't want a big hand. This little boy never had any backyard to play in. His mother never put up jam in September. He never had the lickings of the pot, like you and I had. Now, boys and girls, please forget he's here, even though he is. Give the boy a chance, please."

Texas Guinan, "Queen of the Night Clubs," (Third from the Left) and Some of Her Girls Posing for a Photograph After Their Arrest in the "300 Club" in New York.

ASKED about the mysterious shooting which climaxed her Chicago appearance in 1930, Miss Guinan said: "Well, it provided more fireworks than any other send-off I ever enjoyed."

Questioned regarding future plans, she cried: "Have I any plans? Say, young man, I've got more plans than an architect."

"How is business in Chicago?"

"It's still holding up."

POLICE detectives in evening clothes called at the Club Argonaut and began looking under tables for bottled evidence. "Did one of you drop a nickel?" politely asked Texas.

MISS GUINAN was awkened one morning to be told by a reporter that her new Club Argonaut had been destroyed by fire. "It's a hot story," she cracked, "But it burns me up."

After surveying the wreckage, she was invited by a friend to have lunch.

"No, thanks," she declined. "I'm going to stay around here and see if they find Judge Crater in the ruins."

WHEN the Club Argonaut was reopened, she explained how she did it: "Dante got his whiskers singed in an imaginary inferno and wrote a book. My draperies caught fire and the insurance boys wrote me a check."

MISS GUINAN had a caustic brand of wit for women for whom she took a dislike. She described one well-known Broadway actress with the wisecrack: "Her brain is as good as new," and another of her female antipathies with the remark: "I knew her when she was a bathing beauty—and she's still all wet."

BACK in 1925, when Miss Guinan's current New York rendezvous was padlocked for six months, she migrated to Florida with her gang and opened the Del Fey Club at Miami. So marked was her success that she was hounded and pestered by an army of realtors who spotted a chance to make a lot of money and get rid of great tracts of Florida land. But the alert Tex was much too wise to fall for any of their ballyhoo.

"Listen, sucker," she told one of the most persistent of the land salesmen, "You take them by the sun. I take them by the moon. Now let's don't interfere with each other's business."

ONCE when this queen of the night club hostesses was going on a diet to take off what seemed to her excess poundage, she told a friend of hers that she wanted "to get as thin as my first husband's promises."

ALTHOUGH Miss Guinan made much of her fame and her fortune in the movie studios of the West Coast she was forever belittling the cinema capital. She once told a reporter who was interviewing her: "I wouldn't give Hollywood the right time if I was passing through Elgin."

COMMENTING on the preposterous robber prices at her night clubs, Tex frankly remarked:

"We are artists in piling up charges. A little plate of chop suey, that doesn't contain five cents worth of food, may cost five hundred times five cents. To buy a sandwich at the night club costs as much as buying a whole family dinner anywhere else, and it is about as cheap to drink platinum as it is to drink ginger ale. While a sucker's hat has cost him $7, the checking of the hat costs him seventy before the season is done."

DURING a discourse on the high percentage of divorces in her native land, the night club impresario relieved herself of this bit of philosophy: "It's having the same man around the house all the time that ruins matrimony."

NOT the least of Miss Guinan's fame as a wit came through her ability to "rewrite" some of the old "wheezes," as she called them. She once advised a plain clothes cop who was looking for a gang of racketeers to "keep on the gunny side of the street," and she admonished a show girl who was depressed by a jam she had got into to "make gay while your sins shine."

SEVERAL years ago, when her nocturnal life had begun to etch lines in her famous face, she decided to go to one of the country's best plastic surgeons and have her features lifted. One of her friends caught her studying her face closely in the mirror just before the operation was performed.

"You know," said Miss Guinan, "I've got a kind face—a funny kind."

TEXAS Guinan had a flair for insulting her patrons and making them like it. Once when a male guest, confronted with a check that seemed all out of proportion to the amount of liquor and entertainment he had had, upbraided her for saying that she didn't believe in giving a sucker an even break, she smilingly retorted: "You never see a smart man in a night club."

That squelched the objector.

WHEN guests seemed to be rather bored and show a tendency to leave, Tex had a habit of seizing one of them by the arm and shouting:

"This is our dance."

Taking the cue, some of the other girls would give their attentions to the rest of the party and the result was more drinks and more eats, to the profit of the club.

EVEN when her physicians had given up hope for the night club queen's life, she couldn't believe that her career was over and she whispered wise cracks that were wise cracks, even if they lacked the sparkle and sting of her best witticisms.

To correct a report that she had passed away, she told her nurse: "Tell 'em I'm not dead. Like the Blue Eagle, I'm on my way to recovery."

MISS GUINAN never lost her sense of humor, even when she was locked up in jail waiting to be bailed out so that she could find a new location to entertain the "suckers" and charge them plenty for her services.

One morning, when she was leaving New York's West Thirtieth police station, she bade the captain a cheery good-bye with the wisecrack:

"I like your cute little jail and I don't know when my jewels have seemed so safe."

WHILE Miss Guinan's revue, "Padlocks of 1927" was playing in Philadelphia, one of the local censors came back stage and warned her that she would have to cut out some of the snappier numbers and dress some of the cast up a bit. And he made the mistake of waxing witty in his orders to the star of the show.

Texas grabbed him by the arm and, to his embarrassment, pulled him from the wings on to the stage.

"That was a swell gag you just pulled, Doc," she said. "Tell it to the audience, or I will."

The censor reddened and sputtered, but Miss Guinan was not to be defied.

Finally he blurted out, "I only told her that we are a little strict in Philadelphia and insist that all naval displays be held in the river."

The impromptu skit between Tex and the censor brought down the house.

TEX'S quick resourcefulness saved many an embarrassing situation. Her doorman used to inspect through a peep-hole in the door and if the arrival was a stranger, about whom he had his doubts, he would report back to Miss Guinan, who would then slip down and peek through the door.

On one occasion His Grace the Duke of Manchester arrived and the doorman brought back word that a stranger said his name was "Mr. Duke." Tex did not know any "Mr. Duke" and sent the doorman back for more information. Next time the doorman said that the name was not "Mr. Duke" but "Mr. Grace." Tex instantly thought that it might possibly be "His Grace the Duke" of something or other, and hurried down to the peep-hole. By this time the Duke of Manchester was red in the face and furious at his treatment, remarking he had never been so insulted in his life.

Tex instantly rose to the occasion, opened the door, grabbed him by both hands, explaining that he had been kept waiting by her own order, so she could powder her nose and come down and give him a personal greeting and lead him to a selected table.

This she did and sat him alongside the notorious swindler and jailbird, Nicky Arnstein, who happened to be the most distinguished looking patron in the club at that moment. They became fast friends, left the club together, and Tex remarked:

"I wonder if one of my guests has been profitable to the other."

Who Put the Itching Powder in Mrs. Carter's Corsets?

Her Husband, She Said, and Got a Divorce; the Soup Taster Who Threw His Wife's Broth at Her; the Lip Stick Marks on Mr. Cavenay's Collar---and Other Unusual Reasons Why Some Marriages Recently Turned Out to Be Failures

Mrs. Loretta Miller, Whose Husband Liked Blondes, She Said, but Deserted Her When She Bleached Her Own Hair Platinum.

Mrs. Jeannette Veverka, Who Divorced Her Husband, a Professional Soup Taster, When He Threw a Plate of Her Soup at Her.

Mrs. Carter Started to Put on Her New Corsets, but Hastily Took Them Off When Her Body Began to Itch and Burn Like Fire. A Careful Examination Showed That Someone Had Dusted Them With Itching Powder.

Photo KEYSTONE

Mrs. Eugenia ("Neenie") Jelke, to Whom the Judge Refused a Divorce After Two Weeks of Legal Mud Slinging—But Mr. Jelke Was Denied One, Also.

Mrs. Frances Cavenay, Who Sued Her Husband Because, She Claims, He Frequently Came Home With Other Women's Lip Stick on His Collar.

Mrs. Wesley R. Carter, Victim of the Itching Powder, Who Got a Divorce.

"When we are married—
Then what would you do?
I'd be as sweet as I could be to you."

THAT'S what the song says, and that is what Mr. and Mrs. Wesley R. Carter said to each other, in the moonlight, before they married and settled down in Hurffville, New Jersey.

But according to her divorce testimony instead of being sweet, he strove to be as mean as he could be, revealing an inventiveness almost amounting to genius.

There was another famous old song, still remembered by many, the chorus of which began:

"Who put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?"

The straw that broke the wife's back, she says, might have served for a parody:

"Who put the itching powder in Mrs. Carter's corsets?"

Her story, which her husband denies but the court believed, was that Mr. Carter started off by accusing her of infidelity with almost every male acquaintance in town.

This not only started a lively argument every time he made a new accusation, but caused the men he nominated and their wives to keep away from her. The Methodist minister called just once and learning that his name had been added to the others, never called again.

One day, after the usual accusation, she says he announced that he was going down cellar to end it all. A moment later the house shook with a silent vibration which caused her to run down and see. Sure enough there he was hanging from a beam and she cut him down just in time. After that he never actually tried it again, but the threat of it was enough to keep her running up and down the stairs.

Another idea was to promise to crack her skull with a hatchet during the night, she alleged. He never did it, but the possibility was sufficient to make her sleep with one eye open. What with the loss of sleep and the stair exercises, she lost 20 pounds weight.

Her friends advised her to demand proof the next time he accused her. On the first occasion this seemed to silence him so she tried it again in front of a party of guests. This time his answer was to open her closet and throw out some of her dresses which had been freshly laundered. To her horror she saw that the blouses were disfigured with marks of some person's astonishingly dirty hands, she said.

"My rivals the plumber and the coal man," commented Mr. Carter, but Mrs. Carter says he had done it with his own hands. As further evidence he pointed to numerous footmarks in the yard and asserted that they were left by men who had called in his absence.

Invited to a week-end beach party, she arrived to find her new bathing suit cut to ribbons. Mr. Carter denies that he did it, but his wife can't imagine anyone else who would. Perhaps the unkindest bit of "clothes-cruelty" was when she came home from New York and with pardonable pride exhibited a pair of expensive corsets she had just bought.

Next day she put them on, but before she had finished dressing, she hastily undressed again to discover what was making her body itch and burn like fire. Finding nothing to account for it but nerves, she put the corsets on again, only to strip once more and scratch. A more careful examination revealed that somebody had dusted them with "itching powder" for sale in "practical joke" stores. Mrs. Carter had no doubts as to the joker's name.

She told all these things to the judge who freed Mrs. Carter from her inventive husband. Yet that same itching powder was used legally and effectively by the Provincial Police of British Columbia on a horde of pious Doukhobors. It is against the religion of this weird sect of transplanted Russians to pay taxes, obey sanitary regulations or send their children to school. As often as the authorities tried to enforce the laws the Doukhobors protested by tearing off their clothes and marching in a large rabble of naked men, women and children to the nearest town.

The town jail was not big enough to hold them all and the police did not like to switch or spank the invaders, especially the women. So they bought a barrel of the itching powder and a couple of portable spraying machines. On the next visitation by these pious nudists, the police dusted their bodies with the powder but to make it stick they first sprayed them with a harmless oil. The Doukhobors went home to scratch and as they scratched they evidently thought, because they never did it again.

Marriage sharpens the feminine wits too, and woman is by no means an inferior when it comes to inventing deviltries calculated to make a husband desert and give cause for divorce. Once in a while it happens that both husband and wife pile up such a terrific score of outrages against each other that the court is unable to decide which is the worse offender. In such cases it is customary to call the battle a draw and send the battlers home to indulge in further hostilities until one or the other is able to show a decisive superiority.

A recent example of these no-decision bouts was that of the oleamargarine millionaire, F. Frazier Jelke, and his wife Eugenia "Neenie" Jelke, held before a fashionable audience at Newport, R. I. Mr. Jelke's witnesses testified that his wife was untrue. Besides bleeding him white financially, he said that she bit, kicked and struck him.

When he fled these encounters, she knew a way of bringing her husband back to close range where she could get at him. This was to charge $5,000 worth of clothing in a single day. Mr. Jelke's lawyer summed up her behavior, in part, as follows:

"She scourged her husband with a whip that would sear the soul of any man. She broke his spirit and destroyed his self-respect. She was a woman who wanted everything and would give nothing."

"Neenie" came to bat with a mystery charge against her husband, so awful that she couldn't even whisper it in court, but her modesty would permit her to write it down. The lady was given writing materials, and with a bold hand, but no blushes, dashed off something. When the judge read it he decided that bit of literature had better be impounded where only the hardened lawyers could peek at it.

After two weeks of this mudslinging, Judge Charles A. Walsh counted up the points and declared it a draw. He said:

"In this case, as it appears that each of the parties has been guilty of extreme cruelty toward the other, we cannot grant either of them relief."

Presumably they can do nothing until one of them wins by a knockout.

Mrs. Loretta Miller of Chicago complained that her traveling-salesman husband, Harry, made her go to work soon after the honeymoon and kept her salary. But this did not pain her so much as his "hair cruelty." She is, or was, a brunette and on four separate times, with four different blondes he left her.

She says that each time she took him back he boasted of her blonde rivals and how much more interesting they were than brunettes. If that was his weakness, Mrs. Miller thought things could be fixed up by transforming herself into that type. As soon as the beauty shoppe had bleached her into a perfectly good "platinum" she hopefully presented herself to Mr. Miller, expecting that blonde-fancier to fold her in his arms. Instead he yelled, "Help!" and deserted again. That was just too cruel and the judge agreed with her.

If a husband must philander with other women, he surely ought not to tantalize his wife by coming home with samples of the other woman's lip stick on his collar and handkerchief. This is bound to make his unhappy spouse lie awake all night suspecting first one and then another of most every woman she knows.

Mrs. Frances Cavenay says that her husband, William, chief tax expert for the United States Steel Corporation, not only did that to her, but when she plied him with questions as to the identity of the hussy, he silenced her with a punch on those lips he used to love to kiss. For this cruelty the bride of only eleven months asked the court to tax the tax-expert a liberal slice of his $35,000-a-year salary for separate maintenance.

Sometimes the cruelty is not all where it seems at first glance. For instance, in another Chicago case, when Mrs. Jeannette Veverka placed a bowl of delicious hot soup in front of her husband Joseph when he came home from work and Joseph, without any explanation, hurled it in Jeannette's face, anyone would say offhand that the cruelty was all on the part of the gentleman, especially as there is no dispute that the soup was good. For 999 husbands out of 1,000 there would be no answer.

But Joseph is the thousandth husband. He says that the cruelty was hers, planned, diabolical and Machiavellian. He is a soup-taster and all day it is his job to taste one kind of soup out of big kettles at a factory. And how he hates the taste of it. Joseph asserts that Jeannette knew this perfectly well and therefore when she bought a can of that particular brand and variety to set before him it was with the cruelest of intentions. He is sure that a jury of soup-tasters would have acquitted him of murder had he forgotten himself to that extent. However, as judges only eat soup when they want it, he doubted if one of them would understand and so he let his wife's suit go undefended.

Judge Joseph Sabath, renowned "divorce Solomon" of the Middle West, granted one to Mrs. Mae A. Smith who described herself as a "bridge widow." Her husband, Daniel, was a good and prosperous printing salesman when she married him but later fell among bridge players and became an addict. Going from bad to worse, he stayed away from home for bridge parties and paid no attention to his wife when he was home.

Finally he gave up his business to become a professional bridge player. Desperate at the way things were going, Mrs. Smith took lessons in secret and one day turned up at one of his games all ready to be his partner from then on. Instead of thanking her for her loving kindness he told her she was awful. That was the last straw.

Of course if a husband goes around with a grouch that is cruelty to his wife. But Mrs. Emily Johnson of Los Angeles collected a divorce from Mr. J. M. C. Johnson because he laughed. He chortled and snorted at everything she did and said, at the way she wore her hair and at every dress and bonnet she bought. He would even taste one of her biscuits and then set it aside while tears of unexplained merriment ran down his cheeks. So Mrs. Johnson got a divorce and said:

"Now laugh that off!"

Strangely enough that was when he laughed hardest of all.

During the Chicago World's Fair, Mrs. Henry Bacon asked for divorce on the grounds of desertion. Judge Normoyle asked how long she had waited for her husband to come back.

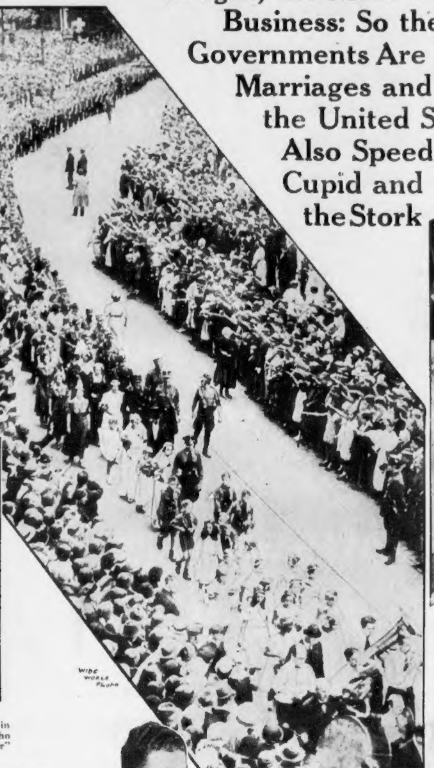
"Since the last Chicago World's Fair," answered Mrs. Bacon. The judge thought that was plenty.

Mrs. Mary Thorson of Milwaukee, asked to be rid of her husband, George, because he has nightmares, during which he kicks her out of bed, beats her up and is likely to do most anything. Judge Braun ruled that as this was unintentional cruelty it did not count but he gave her a divorce anyway because George was away from home too much.

Most divorces are sought by women and Dr. Dudley Steward of New Orleans thinks the cause is self-inflicted cruelty in the form of shoes that do not fit and therefore ruin their dispositions. In that case the shoe clerk ought to pay the alimony.

Trying Wholesale Marriages to Bring Back Prosperity

The More Weddings---the More Babies; the More Babies---the More Things to Be Bought; the More Things Bought---the Better Is Business: So the German and Italian Governments Are Encouraging Wholesale Marriages and Officials in the United States Are Also Speeding Up Cupid and the Stork



"Line Forms to the Right." Chicago Couples Besieging the Marriage License Window Since Jobs Are More Numerous and Money More Plentiful

Mrs. Bessie Doane, Chief Clerk in the Chicago Marriage Court, Who Has Acted as "Matron of Honor" at 7,200 Weddings.
—And Above—
Ninety-four Couples in Berlin on Way to the Lazarus Church to be Married in One Ceremony—One of the "Mass Marriages" Originated by Chancellor Hitler.

DURING the heart of the depression there was a slump in the rate of marriages, averaging one-fifth below normal. Babies, divorces, alimony and other by-products and end-products were off, too.

This slump went right on into 1933 through June, the banner month for weddings, which in the Borough of Manhattan, N. Y., for instance, showed only 3,053 marriage licenses issued as against 3,118 the previous year, which had been bad enough.

But in July the tide turned, rose to unexpected heights in August and turned into a sustained boom in the marriage market, all over the country, in some cases breaking records for all time.

Veteran marriage license clerks and many others consider this a surer indication of improving business conditions than a boom in the stock market or most any of the other accepted portents.

It has been said that "life is just one darn thing after another," and that "love is just two darn things after each other." Just because a lot of these "things" have suddenly decided to marry is no sign that their opinion on economic conditions is worth knowing. Probably they don't understand the general situation any more than the next man or woman.

Nevertheless, more marriages mean more babies, babies mean more silk, clothes and so on, and this means more buying. And more buying means more prosperity. So, whether they know it or not, every pair of newly-weds are doing their bit towards putting more money in circulation, increasing production and helping things generally. A man will work harder when he has the responsibility of a family, will make more money than a single man does, simply because he has it to do. He will create a job for himself, if he can't get one. So, more marriages means more employment.

Though courts have recently become more conservative in handing out alimony to every wife who asks it, actual alimony payments have recently increased. This is also a highly favorable sign, because like other forms of taxation it cannot be collected from men who have no income. Increase in alimony payments is not merely a good sign of momentary conditions, but in itself is a cause for future betterment because the ex-wives who receive it lose little time in buying sorely-needed clothes. This in turn causes men to find new jobs in the clothing industry, enabling them to resume alimony payments to more ex-wives and perhaps marry new ones.

Divorces are still reported as below normal, which most everyone would welcome unless it is a contra-indication to the other good signs. Fortunately it is not. Though divorce is also an indication of prosperity, it happens to have no significance in the present situation. These marital bankruptcies do not have their peak until after long-continued prosperity and there must be a time-lag of at least a year or two before the present marriage boom is reflected in divorce statistics.

The rise in the baby crop will likewise not show till later, but the desire for it is already in evidence, as reported by foundling asylums and other organizations for placing these waifs such as "The Cradle," in Chicago. Almost everywhere there is an increased demand for adoption, and at the same time a falling off in the requests to take in orphans for pay. Though babies come undesired to families that cannot afford them, few persons are idiotic enough to adopt one unless reasonably confident of the future.

The flood of weddings, however, is the best indication of better times for both present and future. To start a new establishment, even in the most modest style, requires at least some purchases and expenditures and it also insures the arrival, sooner or later, of a new army of babies, the best business-boosters in the world.

More babies, as has been hinted, means more milk-bottle rattling in the early dawn, new mouths to consume the farmer's milk crop and, later, his meat and vegetable crops. More fruit pickers and cultivators must be hired to supply his glass of orange juice, more wool will be sheared, cotton picked and silk handled, more toymakers will get busy, more school supplies will be sold. And then, in about twenty years, there will be just that many more young men looking for jobs to start the cycle all over again.

Recognizing the value of marriages and babies as business-boosters, the Nazi Government of Germany has long been complaining that the birth rate has fallen alarmingly low. As a matter of fact the German rate during the years 1928-31 was 8.8 babies per 1,000 inhabitants, almost exactly the same as the American which for the years 1929-32 was 8.9. Nevertheless, the Nazi authorities are exhorting everyone in Germany who is not already married to hurry up and marry. To encourage the "get-married movement," besides vigorous propaganda, they are holding parades of couples on their way to mass weddings which are performed by important dignitaries, at the order of Dictator Hitler himself.

It is unofficially rumored that when the last of the volunteers have given themselves up to the marriage clerks, the Government will then take steps against the slackers who are so unpatriotic as to want to remain single. These may be forced to sacrifice themselves on the altar of matrimony by imposing such prohibitive taxes on bachelors as will really make the old saying true that two can live more cheaply than one.

At the Lazarus Church in Berlin, ninety-four Nazi enthusiasts and their brides were married in the presence of Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Public Enlightenment, all in a bunch. As an example of what was expected of them, Dr. Goebbels handed each bride for a wedding a nice photograph of himself and his large family. All this was free and a banquet thrown in afterward.

At the Apostles' Church, also in the capital, fifty-four couples were united under similar circumstances. These ceremonies, and similar ones on a smaller scale, were accompanied by brass bands, parades and flag-decked streets to impress upon all Nazi storm troopers that they were expected to go and do likewise at their earliest convenience and set an example to the laggards at love.

Hitler's idea of mass-matrimony, whether anyone likes it or not—is not new. It was done on a grander and more efficient scale by T'chaka, ruler of the Zulus, early in the nineteenth century. That African monarch organized military regiments for both sexes and forced everyone to join. Every member of any given regiment was born in the same year.

As soon as a male regiment reached marriageable age it was ordered to marry a female regiment of the same age class. The gentleman colonel had to marry the lady colonel and so on all the way down to the last private in the rear rank. Even these had no choice because it was all done by numbers. Then there was a mass wedding and no divorces.

This beats Hitler's scheme for quantity production of marriages but at that the Germans have thought of something that T'chaka didn't. The Nazis are so contemptuous of the previous government that some of the most zealous feel that perhaps their marriages under the old regime lack sanctity and legality. Therefore, to show their patriotism and make sure that they are not living in sin, many couples are marrying all over again under the Swastika sign.

In America, mass weddings are not in vogue or life might be easier for Philip A. Hines, Chief Deputy City Clerk in charge of the marriage chapel at the New York City Municipal Building where he grows hoarse repeating the marriage ceremony as fast as it can be intoned from 9 A. M. till 2 P. M. while other clerks get writer's cramp dashing off licenses. Working at top speed, he can marry them off at the rate of one couple every three minutes, twenty couples per hour, and his best day's output is 107 knots tied. On September 3, of this year, an all-time record of 208 licenses was turned out but on that same day Mr. Hines spliced only 103 couples, which would indicate that ministers around town were quite busy that day.

While Mr. Hines is doing his work as fast as he can talk intelligibly, he usually sees with the corner of his eye two or three couples waiting impatiently. If he stops for a glass of water and a sandwich the line lengthens ominously until it looks like a run on a bank.

At Chicago there has been a correspondingly bigger boom. This is due to the unusual number of people in town to see the World's Fair, attend the American Legion Convention and similar gatherings. Many people have this year married and taken in the Fair or the convention as their honeymoon. In some cases where the fiance had gotten a job out of town, things were postponed until his vacation. Then he met the bride in Chicago for the honeymoon and, of course, the first move was to be married, thus taking some perfectly legitimate fees away from many a small town.

If it is true that the more marriages the better for business and everybody in general, it would seem the soundest sort of philanthropy for anyone who had the authority to marry people without charge.

That was what Municipal Judge Edward B. Casey of Chicago thought. He said that the answer to free love is free marriage. He married free, every couple that presented itself, but instead of a picture of a large family, handed out a 25-cent certificate and placed in the hands of the blushing bride a cook book.

It seems that these free marriages by Judge Casey and others who started to follow his example were ruining the business of the Chicago Marriage Court, where they charge $5 and had run at a profit to the county of more than $34,000 a year. So one day into the courtroom marched Deputy Sheriff Peters with an order from Chief Magistrate Sonesteby to stop this "unfair competition."

Now that he is obliged to collect fees for his marriages, Judge Casey is trying experiments to make them last longer. One of these is having a permanent phonograph record made of the ceremony and handed out with the cook book, and was done for the first time when he married Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Kacmarski. The idea is to put on the record when either sees the other is getting rambunctious, and let him or her listen to what was promised on that happy day. It is hoped to have a calming influence, but that may be only a theory.

Mrs. Bessie Doane, chief clerk and director of that same marriage court on which Judge Casey threw a depression, has acted as "matron of honor" for more than 7,000 weddings.

She has also asked many customers their reason for appearing at the marriage altar just now, and the answers she has received show that while there is no widespread tendency for young couples to be getting rich suddenly, there is a solid feeling of confidence among the men and women of marrying age. They are not afraid of what is going to happen in the future.

Typical of this attitude was the surprising information one middle-aged man gave Mrs. Doane. He said:

"Well, to tell you the truth, we've been living together three years. We wanted to get married all along, but we were a little uneasy about making it permanent that way. You see, I had a job all the time, but there was no telling when I might lose it. If I lost it and I was married to my wife, then she would be a married woman, and when she went to look for a job people would probably tell her that they were giving preference to single women, because a married woman already has a man to support her.

"Anyway, I'm not worried about my job now, because things have been getting a lot better. So my 'wife' and I have decided to get the license and all the other trimmings."

Another more tardy couple showed up with five children, which seemed to indicate they had been doing their bit to advance prosperity along that line even though they had not been able to get around to the marriage subject before. They had done their part toward increasing the demand for milk and milk bottles, baby shoes, baby dresses, and their eldest was all ready for school books.

Philip A. Hines, Chief Deputy Clerk at the New York Municipal Chapel, Is So Busy Marrying People That He Can't Go to Lunch. Here He Is Reading the Ceremony for Thomas Quinn and Louise Krikorian.

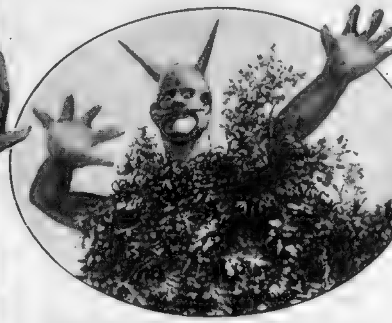
Judge Edward B. Casey Presenting a Newly-Married Couple with a Phonograph Record of the Ceremony.

Eve Takes Another Adam into Her "Garden of Eden"

Brisk Activities in This Kansas Freak "Paradise" as They Dust Off the Statues of the First Man and Woman, Trim the Leaves That Hid the Devil's Head and Exhibit the Mummy of the Original Adam

This Is Eve. Adam, Her First Husband, Died, and the Widow, Eve, Has Just Married Again and Led a New Adam Into the Garden.

—On Right—Adam, Being Eighty-one Years Old and Having Doubts, Erected Statues of Two Storks—and Two Children Came Along to Brighten Up His Eden.

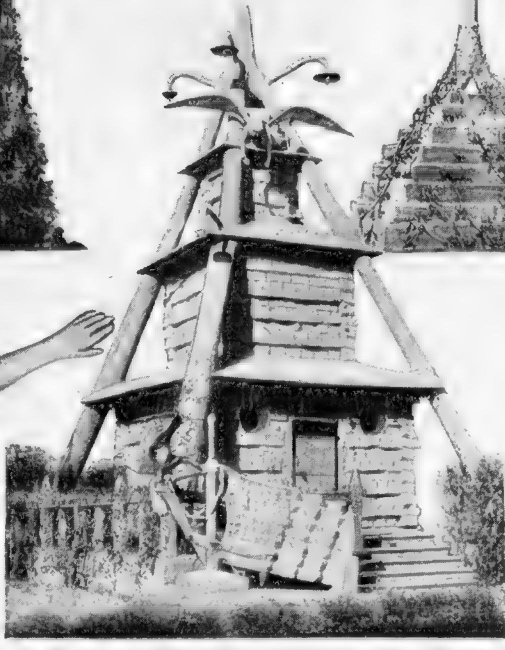


Sticking His Head Over the Tree Tops Appears the Face of the Devil, With Two Horns and a Mustache.

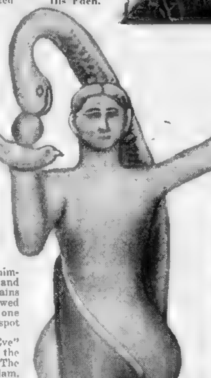
Though the Biblical Narrative Says Nothing About Such Matters, Adam Erected This Cement Group of Statuary, Representing the Corporation "Octopus" Being Sawed Down With the Ballot.

Mr. Casey Rounkels, the New Adam

The Late S. P. Dinsmoor, the Adam Who Built This Modern Garden of Eden and Whose Mummified Remains Rest in the Mausoleum.



The Concrete Mausoleum Built by the First Adam and in a Cement Coffin Lies His Body, Which Visitors Are Allowed to See Through the Glass-Topped Lid at the Price of $1 a Head. A United States Flag, Done in Cement, Is Seen Outside the Strange Building, While an Angel Leans Out Over the Top of the Mausoleum as If He Had Just Dropped Something.



The Cement Statue of Eve in the Garden Holding a Dove of Peace, While the Serpent Rises Up Behind Her and Drops an Apple Into Her Hand.

THE "Garden of Eden," generally considered the queerest spot in the entire State of Kansas, has a new "Adam," who has just married the widow of the original (Kansas) "Adam."

This is a reversal of the Biblical account in which Adam, alone and lonesome in the Garden of Eden, asked for a mate. The request was granted. The Almighty removed one of Adam's ribs and made Eve out of it. This provided the missing feminine touch and all was well in that earthly Paradise until the unfortunate scandal about the serpent and the apple, causing the world's first tenants to be dispossessed.

The "Eve" in the Kansas "Eden" felt lonesome after her husband, the first "Adam," Mr. Samuel P. Dinsmoor, died at the age of almost ninety. She had a radio, two children and a flivver in which to drive to the town of Lucas and buy something better to wear than mere fig leaves, but she needed a man around the place. The Garden required pruning, weeding and cultivating. The animals, the angels, and even Satan himself were becoming weather-beaten and dilapidated. Worst of all, the remains of "Adam" Dinsmoor, as viewed through a window in his coffin, at one dollar a peep, revealed a fungus spot on the patriarch's countenance.

Under these circumstances, "Eve" the widow, in her prayers asked the Lord to send her another Adam. The prayer was granted. The new Adam, whose name is Casey Gordon Rounkels, was not created out of one of the widow's ribs. With so many strong, young men out of work, such a miracle would have been superfluous. It was much better to send one to her from among the fine, strapping, bronzed young men at the nearest of President Roosevelt's Civilian Conservation Camps—and that was what came to pass.

"Eve" accepted the answer to her prayer as soon as he presented himself. He was tall, strong, good-looking and 23 years old, which is six years less than her age. Also, she had had her eye on the youth for some time and knew he was the right answer. The Biblical Adam belonged to the leisure class, and until his ejection from the Garden did not work much except for the fun of it, like a modern commuter, puttering around in his back yard. But "Adam" Casey, as soon as they had returned from being married by Probate Judge Will F. Miller of Salina, which lies eighty miles eastward of the Garden of Eden, had to pitch in and hustle about twelve hours a day as did his predecessor who not only kept the place up but created it, all but the land.

To compensate for this "curse of labor" there is one advantage in the Kansas "Eden." Like the other—it contains a "tree of knowledge" but it is made of cement and there is little danger that even the dumbest husband could be persuaded to eat a cement apple.

Old Mr. Dinsmoor, who created the Kansas "Eden," though perhaps peculiar was far from crazy. He was a man of considerable intelligence, a third cousin of the poet Longfellow and distantly related to President Grover Cleveland. Though a devoutly religious man, so are the majority of people in Kansas. His conviction that the answer to all problems was to be found in the Bible if one could only interpret it, was and still is shared by millions of others.

As a youth Dinsmoor fought through most of the Civil War, reading his Bible by the light of campfires, to find some method of stopping the great disaster. In the depression that followed, he searched the same source for a remedy and later, as a farmer, he ransacked the Scriptures from cover to cover to see how to prevent droughts, cyclones, insect pests and various other forms of grief and affliction. Not until he was sixty-five years old did Dinsmoor begin to think he saw light.

Mankind had evidently been on the wrong track ever since Adam was thrown out of the Garden of Eden. The troubles of the race had become so complicated that no message would straighten them out, except to go back and begin all over again. Of course, the whole human race could not return to Eden, even if the spot could be identified. The next best thing would be for someone to create as near an imitation as possible, and in such an atmosphere might come the message that would set the whole world right.

Since Dinsmoor had the inspiration he was the man to try it and he did. The old fellow had prospered as a farmer, put his savings into profitable investments and was quite well off. Also his wife was dead, his six children grown up and nobody to oppose what he did to his farm.

The main thing he was after was Garden of Eden atmosphere. The Almighty had created the various forms of life out of the dust of the earth and had breathed life into them. Mr. Dinsmoor could not quite do that, but by buying a kind of dust known as Portland cement, mixing it with water, sand and gravel in the right proportions he could create things which at least affected his own imagination powerfully.

At first the Kansas farmer did not consider himself as Adam but as a sort of spectator, a reporter waiting for the message. Therefore he began by making concrete statues of Adam and Eve, with just enough covering to meet the requirements of modesty. There were two serpents, one rising over Eve's shoulder and dropping into her hand that forbidden apple and the other being crushed into the ground by Adam's heel.

Adam wore an apron with a sort of masonic emblem which caused some discussion and so did a dove of peace in Eve's hand. This, the aged sculptor explained, was to remind wives not to be contentious and troublesome. The group was at the entrance to the garden and behind, peering over the shrubbery was the cynical face of Satan himself, with two horns and a mustache.

Dinsmoor did not care if there was no scriptural authority for Satan's mustache, which presumably would get singed every time he went home. The villain in every melodrama Dinsmoor had seen since he could remember presented the villain with a black mustache, and the prince of villains wouldn't have looked right to him without one.

A tree with spreading limbs is hard to make from cement but Dinsmoor did his best, making among others a "tree of life" and a "tree of knowledge," supplying green foliage in the form of ivy. The tree of life sprouted several monster cement eyes and was surmounted by an angel brandishing a flaming sword of cement and sporting a beard worthy of Methuselah, but likely to have caused considerable wind resistance.

Another Satan statue held a pitchfork, which does not mean, as some impudent city fellows suggested, that the Devil was a farmer. This Satan was pointing the fork at a cement child, to remind all who saw it that he is always busy corrupting youth. The angel Gabriel was perched on a tree top with outstretched arms and the biggest pair of wings in the whole place.

After creating as many of the better known, and not too large, birds, beasts and angels as seemed necessary, Dinsmoor built himself a log cabin made of cement logs. In the midst of his labors, this "Adam," like the first one, felt the need of a mate and prayed for her. The prayer had been answered in advance. She was already there in the attractive form of Miss Emily Brozek, his housekeeper. Emily was twenty and he was eighty-one, but a little discrepancy in ages like that did not bother the old patriarchs, nor did it this recent one.

When elderly "Adam" informed youthful "Eve" that he had a divine message about her she accepted him and the message. There were some pessimistic prophecies about the marriage. Perhaps for that reason, Dinsmoor hastily added a pair of cement storks to the collection. While these were still hardening, he created Cain and Abel according to his best inspiration of what the two sons of Adam would look like in concrete.

Sure enough, in due course of time two children were born to the Dinsmoors. But the first was a girl, which knocked out all hope of following the Biblical sequence of two sons. She was named Emily Jane and is now nine years old. The second was a boy, named John William, whose mischievous behavior at the age of five suggested some of the unruly character of Cain. The other day John had the nerve to sell to a visiting minister some leaflets which should have been given free to anyone.

As if to show that the age of miracles is not over yet, this strangely assorted couple got along fine until, in 1932, Mr. Dinsmoor, almost ninety, died, leaving "Eve" a widow and heiress to the "Garden of Eden." Dinsmoor had prepared for his demise by building a cement mausoleum, with a cement American flag and cement American eagle; also a cement angel leaning over the top [illegible] something.

Inside [illegible] large cement coffin with [illegible] window [illegible]. His will [illegible] look in [illegible] him, for a [illegible] look, to go to the upkeep of the Garden. There [illegible] similar coffin for "Eve," but she [illegible] not like the idea because she [illegible] how she is going to look.

Before his death this singular man had gone in for quite modern sentiments. There is no mention of an octopus in the Garden of Eden but Dinsmoor made one, representing the "corporation octopus" being sawn into pieces by a voter with his ballot. Probably inspired by the late William J. Bryan's famous "cross of gold" speech, he had a cement figure representing labor being crucified in what looks like bathing trunks. The central figure was surrounded by four others labeled, "Doctor," "Preacher," "Banker" and "Lawyer," who are talking about the victim but not doing much. The lawyer has no head, not because he is supposed to have less brains than the others but because, just at that point, the sculptor died.

In explaining the reason for not constructing a metal coffin, he wrote in his will: "It seems to me that people buried in iron and wooden boxes will be frying and burning up in the resurrection morn. How will they get out when the world is on fire? Cement will not stand fire, the glass will break. The cement lid will fly off and I will sail out like a locust. Some people know they are going to Heaven and those they do not like are going to Hell. I am going to wherever the Boss puts me. He knows where I belong better than I do. If I get to go up I [illegible] a cement angel outside above the door to take me up."

In case, "at the crack of doom," Dinsmoor should find his ticket read downward instead of up to the realms of light, he kept a large jug handy, to fill at a nearby spring and carry along.

"They say they need water down below," he told his wife. "This gallon will beat a few drops from Lazarus' fingers."

It costs money to keep a Garden of Eden going, which justified Mr. Dinsmoor in charging a small admission fee which varied from time to time. Some of his customers were not satisfied and one called him a grafter. The old man proved by numerous Biblical quotations that he was not, but the man went away unconvinced. The word worried Dinsmoor who began to wonder if possibly he could be a grafter and not know it. To make his [illegible], he lettered the word "GRAFTER" in large type and placed it at the entrance of the garden. If, after that fair warning, anyone paid his money, it could not be said that there was any deception about it.

But old Dinsmoor never did get his Divine message, though plenty of human visitors suggested their pet plans as more or less inspired. To all of them he made the same criticism:

"Your scheme involves either bloodshed or ruin for somebody. Anything founded on destruction contains the seeds of its own destruction. The message when it comes will be for the benefit of the majority without injury to the others. Any other plan [illegible] out wrong, like a boy stealing a [illegible] to put in the contribution plate."

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Unblushing Confessions of a Versatile

"Grace," Known as the "Queen of the Rum Runners," Who Gave a Timely Warning of an Impending Attack by Hi-jackers and Told Lucas of Some of Her Experiences in Rum Running From the Bahama Islands.

KNOWN to the police all over the world and with a criminal record since his childhood, Netley Lucas, international crook, accomplished his most remarkable achievement when the Queen of Spain unsuspectingly welcomed him for a private audience in her boudoir in the Royal Palace in Madrid. Lucas, the criminal, had changed his name to Graham and masqueraded as a very distinguished literary man. He fooled the British Foreign Office into serving him, imposed on the Spanish palace officials and wheedled the Queen into collaborating with him in her biography.

Perhaps his exploit with Lord Justice Darling, one of the most severe and alert judges in the criminal courts of England, was even more daring. Lucas the jailbird, and the Lord Justice, sat together in intimate conferences while the rascal obtained material for the biography which the judge never dreamed was being prepared by a beguiling criminal.

Lucas is only thirty, but the experiences he details on these pages have been varied and remarkable enough to fill a long lifetime.

By Netley Lucas

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

RETURNING from the "Rum Row" off the coast of Florida, our ship dropped anchor again in the harbor of Nassau, Bahama Island. We had disposed of our cargo of liquor at a handsome profit, and I went on shore and had dinner with Grace, the "Queen of the Rum-Runners." After dinner I sat with her on the hotel veranda while she lay beside me on a chaise-longue, puffing at cigarette after cigarette. She told me much about the strange life of "Rum Row," and related stories which seemed incredible.

"Strange things happen in this business of ours," she said suddenly. "I remember a Greek we had here in Nassau. I knew him well. He was of a very old Athenian family, and always had an idea that if he could only get rich quickly he could go back to Greece, live in the house of his fathers and surround himself with art and beauty the rest of his days. They all come here to get rich [illegible], and that's why things happen — [illegible]. They are of the same type which [illegible] gold rushes—fearless and ready to [illegible] what they mean to get."

Grace paused and lit another cigarette.

"I think he was getting very near to the realization of his hopes when he brought off his last deal, [illegible] five thousand cases. When the stuff was landed in the States every bottle was found to [illegible] sea water."

"And what happened?" I asked curiously.

"He [illegible] death here in Nassau. He is [illegible] did not die in Greece. You see, the prestige [illegible] had to be maintained."

[illegible] later our ship set sail for England, and after [illegible] uneventful voyage we were [illegible]. I took the first train [illegible] resumed my activities in [illegible] when I felt a hand on my shoulder [illegible], looked into the face of [illegible] detective, who said in a quiet [illegible]

[illegible] ever?"

[illegible] Borstal Reformatory [illegible] neglected to report to the [illegible] I was now seized and returned to [illegible] for another six months. At last I was [illegible] my own [illegible] again, accompanied [illegible] prison gate and [illegible] once more [illegible] of freedom. This was a real crisis in my life, and I want those who read this to mark it well: it was at this station of my career that I made my first step into journalism and my bow to Fleet Street, London's newspaper and [illegible] center. Up to now I had been merely Netley Lucas, a crook. From this point, however, I was genuinely trying to make good and in a great profession in which it is particularly difficult to prosper.

An old friend of my family, Stanley Scott, a well-known British journalist, had taken an interest in me, and had offered to give me a job as his secretary after my discharge from Borstal. I therefore reported to Mr. Scott at his flat in Wellington Square, Chelsea, where he also conducted his literary activities. I was tremendously grateful to him for being instrumental in securing my release, and at that time I felt that no matter what happened, I would repay my benefactor by unswerving loyalty and industry. We dined together on that first night of my freedom, and Scott offered me 10 per cent commission on all moneys he received from any articles and stories which I was able to sell for him in Fleet Street. I was, in fact, to be his agent, to go round daily to editors with articles and news stories which he had written, and place them wherever possible.

As Netley Lucas, I was rather notorious, so it was suggested that I should call myself "Paul Evelyn," and it was under this name that I functioned as Stanley's secretary and agent. I took a cheap room in Pimlico and determined, come what might, to make something of myself, to get somewhere and to wipe out my past. That I eventually robbed Stanley Scott and descended once more into the underworld of crime, is one of the great sadnesses of my life. How and why I did this, I will now relate. To this day he believes that I robbed him intentionally, but I did not. Here, at last, are the true facts.

Stanley went away one week-end to his relatives in the country, leaving me in charge of his flat in Wellington Square. It so happened that a few days before I had run into a couple of my old crook pals—a man named Collier and another (he had been at Borstal Reformatory with me) named Clements. During the week-end that Stanley was away I foolishly asked these two to the flat for a little party. It was the usual thing, three men, three girls, and lots of drink. Next day the others left, and on Monday Stanley came back, only to discover that some valuable jewelry belonging to a friend of his, had disappeared, and I realized at once that either Collier or Clements must have stolen it. I made a clean breast of the affair, and Stanley went to see my two crook friends and after threatening them with the police got part of the stolen property back.

I had, however, let my friend down and, as he quite rightly pointed out, it was impossible for me to work with him any more. I remember that last day. We were alone in the flat of a friend in Maddox Street when he told me that I must part company with him. He shook hands with me and wished me all the luck in the world, and I walked not only from that flat into the street, but from my life of honesty and earnest endeavor back into the underworld.

It was a momentous occasion which has had its influence on my life ever since. Tears were very close to my eyes as I strolled into Bond street. I walked a long way that night—mile after mile through the London streets; my heart leaden within me, and filled with a sick despair. The bottom had dropped out of my world. My journalistic career was finished, I was jobless and wretched. Late that night I ended up in Aldgate

I had walked all the way from Bond Street—and in the Three Nuns Hotel I came across Clements, my former comrade of the Borstal days. We had a few drinks and I began to feel better.

'Aw, don't take it too hard, Netley," said Clements. "I'm going to do a job or two in the country. Why don't you join me?"

With whiskey firing my brain, I found the prospect not unattractive. The call of the underworld was pulling at my heartstrings as the call of the wild speaks to the traveler and the explorer. To cut a long story short, I agreed to join forces with Clement, and that night I burned my boats very completely by putting Clements up to burgle the house of a rich woman whom I had met in Stanley Scott's company. It was a swinish thing to do, nor will I try to urge anything in extenuation. I behaved like a cad, and even to this day I go hot at the thought of it.

Snapshot Photograph of Netley Lucas as a Stowaway on Board the Steamship Regina on His Way to Canada.

The lady in question had once announced, at a party at which I had been present, that every night she left in the hall of her beautiful house in Chelsea a notice:

> **"Burglars! You are Welcome. There is nothing worth stealing here, however, but help yourself to a drink."**

It was one of the humorous tricks considered to be "great fun" in the Chelsea art circles. I told Clements about this and he roared with laughter.

"We'll loot the place tonight," he said.

"I'm not going to," I replied.

"Aw, you're windy," said Clements; "no matter, I'll do it alone. What's the address?" I gave it to him. That night Clements did burgle the house, and found the lady in bed. He told me afterwards that she looked so attractive that he kissed her—with the result that she screamed, and he had to run for his life, leaving his shoes behind him. I can vouch for this, as he arrived at our rendezvous shoeless! He had got nothing, and cursed me for putting him on a "cold" job Apparently the lady in question was not so much in earnest with regard to her welcome to burglars as she had made out. That night Clements and I left town and went into Buckinghamshire as a pair of traveling burglars.

Clements and I now deliberately started off on a course of sheer vice and crime. In Buckinghamshire we carried out several "jobs" (burglaries), but did not obtain much of any value. We traveled north to Leicester and Nottingham, committing burglary in both these cities. Burglary is not a type of crime to which I have ever taken very kindly, although I have indulged in this sort of activity on both sides of the Atlantic. There is a peculiar thrill about housebreaking, however, which is extraordinarily fascinating, but it is only the real crook with his unmoral psychology who can appreciate it.

When one finds oneself, with criminal intent, inside a stranger's house that is in darkness, when one knows that everything in the place is to be had for the taking, and when one searches drawers and bureaus, one gets a feeling of hunting for hidden treasure; and if one comes across a good packet of money or a case of jewels, one gets a tremendous kick out of stuffing it in one's pocket. At the same time it is very nerve-racking work, especially if one is working two-handed, that is to say, with an accomplice. If the house is empty

"We tried the door, but, of course, it w
By standing on the bed I was just able to r
push it open. After a hard fight we loose.
to the roof. I went first, Dick helped the g.
bling over the roofs of several houses we w
outhouse about twelve feet from the groun
Thus Netley Lucas Describes an Incid
Themselves Locked in a Room With a Y
by a Procuress, and How He Set Her Free.

Rascal–

Netley Lucas, a Born Criminal, After Years of Activity in the Underworld and in the Jails of Many Cities and Countries, Suddenly Takes a New Name, Manages to Gain the Confidence of Queens, Princesses and Distinguished Personages, Goes to Prison Again–And Now Reveals How He Did It All

locked. We looked up at the skylight. it, and, after a struggle, managed to he bars and succeeded in getting on o and then he followed. By scram- ventually able to descend on to an then down to the street."

en He and His Companion Found Girl Who Had Been Lured There

r the time being, and a confederate is searching r loot in another part of the house, any undue oise which he may make creates panic and a r that the owner is returning, or that some tside person has become suspicious.

The first thing a burglar does when he gets to a house is to prepare a way of escape; he nlocks and leaves ajar front and back doors, that he can make use of either as an exit should ccasion arise. If the house is occupied he first akes sure which rooms are occupied. It is possible to tell how heavily a person is sleeping y the tempo of breathing, that is to say, by the umber of inhalations and exhalations of breath to the minute. Every householder would do well to realize that a burglar is as much frightened of him as the householder is of the burglar, who has the advantage, however, of being an unknown quantity and so able to make the first move. Another tip for householders who wish to protect their homes from burglary during their absence is to leave just one light burning somewhere when going out. Prowling "drummers," who observe the light, will think that some one is at home and will go elsewhere.

The Ocean Liner Montrose, Which Lucas Selected for His Free and Uninvited Passage Back to England From His Tour of Canada.

Photograph of "Gwen," One of the Many Women Lucas Managed to Interest in Himself

Clements, although in the early twenties, was up to all the tricks of the burgling trade, and under his tutelage I, too, became proficient in the art of housebreaking. During our tour together I think Clements and I must have burgled as many as fifty houses. From the north we went south to Folkestone and Hastings. At Hastings Clements brought off a neat little jewelry haul in a hotel on the front in broad daylight, and we dashed by car back to London to dispose of the loot. Although the value to us in cash was $500, it was not long before we were "broke" again, and it was good news when Clements came back one evening to our hotel in Bloomsbury saying that he had sized up a nice little "job" in Oxford Street. It was a tea-room, which was locked up and left untenanted at night, and that evening Clements went there just before the place closed and secreted himself in the building. When all was quiet he ripped the back off the safe and stole the takings, but to his disgust found only $200.

He then found it was not going to be so easy to get out as he had imagined, for he had to climb over the roofs of six shops before he could find a fire escape leading to the ground. Just as he reached terra firma, he managed to elude pursuit, however, and eventually arrived back at the hotel very much out of breath.

"We've got to get out of town, Netley," he said, as he handed me the half-share of the money he had stolen.

"O.K.," I replied, "but where to?"

"Let's go over to the United States."

"But we haven't enough money."

"Tush, it won't cost us anything. I've been across the Atlantic several times as a stowaway," grinned Clements.

"Stowaway?" I said, "well, I'm game for anything—as you know."

The next day found us in Liverpool, and we put up at a small hotel near the docks. Clements got a sailing list and went down to the docks to give a thorough inspection to ships which might be likely ones for our purpose.

I have been asked by many persons how it is possible for criminals, who are wanted by the police, to get away on steamships and cross the ocean back and forth without passports, tickets or discovery during the voyage or in getting ashore past the custom house, the immigration officers and the police. I am, therefore, going to tell in considerable detail just how criminals come and go on ocean liners without detection or paying any passage money.

"Avoid getting one of the big Cunarders," said Clements, "much better pick a smaller boat that is going to a port other than New York." After making a few careful inquiries, we decided to make our trip across the Atlantic in the slow liner Regina, bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Portland, Maine.

"Well, what do we do now?" I asked my pal, after we had taken a look at the big ship which was soon to be the means of carrying us across the world.

"Watch me," replied Clements, and led the way to the main offices of the steamship line. Casually, but impressively, he said that we were thinking of a holiday in Canada, but would like to look over the Regina to see what manner of ship she was. We were immediately given passes to go aboard, and half an hour later we were walking along her decks ostensibly examining her accommodation. Most of her crew were on board, and everything was being prepared for the captain's inspection before the ship sailed. As we were walking down one of the alleyways, Clements, making sure that no one was in sight, opened the door of a stateroom, jumped inside and pulled me in after him. "Quick—hide under that bunk," he said to me, and while I crawled under one he went to earth under the other. Presently we heard a steward opening all the doors, and I felt that we were bound to be discovered. However, it was the captain making his inspection, and after he had glanced into our stateroom the door was shut again and I heard the lock being shot. Clements crawled from under his bunk and shook himself.

"Well, we're safe until tomorrow," he grinned; "they've locked all cabins until the passengers come aboard. Make yourself comfortable," and throwing off his coat, my companion stretched himself luxuriously on the beautifully counterpaned bed, disregarding the fact that his boots were none too clean. I followed suit, and for the rest of that day we made ourselves thoroughly at home—smoking, talking, and eating sandwiches which Clements had thoughtfully brought with him.

When night came we got undressed and tucked ourselves in very comfortably. Early next morning we were again underneath the bunks, waiting for the stateroom to be unlocked. About ten o'clock we heard a steward shooting back the locks, and just after noon the passengers began to come on board. Stealthily we left our hiding place and going on deck mixed with the passengers, pretending that we were of their number. The others had to show their passage tickets at the gangway, but we had, of course, escaped this scrutiny.

Smoking cigarettes and talking amiably to each other, we strolled up and down the promenade deck. We were, of course, very well dressed, and quite looked the parts which we were playing. About two o'clock a gong was beaten and stewards went round shouting, "Visitors ashore please!" Half an hour later the siren sounded, the gangway was removed, and escorted by tugs the great vessel was towed out into the Mersey from Princes Landing Stage.

We now held a council of war. It was obvious that, for several reasons, it would be dangerous for us to remain in the first-class portion of the ship. To begin with, [illegible] known, and if we were [illegible] at meal-times we should [illegible] certainly did not dare to risk the saloon, [illegible] a passenger is allotted to a table by name, and as we were not on the passenger list detection would be unavoidable. Secondly, we had no evening clothes and so should have been conspicuous on the first-class decks in the evening in lounge suits. We therefore decided to transfer to the third-class part of the Regina, astern, for there was a large number of emigrants on board bound for Canada, and we felt pretty sure that amongst these we would pass unnoticed; also, as we soon found out, there was no checking of passengers' names as they went into meals. They just grabbed a seat at the first supper-time, and it was an unwritten law that once a seat had been secured it belonged to that passenger for the rest of the voyage. The fact of our always wearing the same clothes would also pass unnoticed amongst the rather unkempt emigrants, most of whom were of the working-class.

All went well until late that night, when, to our disgust, we could find no empty cabin.

"Well, what are we going to do?" I asked Clements when we realized that there were no empty cabins. We couldn't remain on deck all night without arousing suspicion, and the lights in the public rooms were turned off and the doors locked at a certain time.

"There's only one thing for us," said my companion, "we'll have to 'doss' in one of the boats." So up to the boat deck we made our way, and loosening one of the canvas covers crept underneath. We chose the largest boat we could find and, although it was deuced uncomfortable sleeping on the hard board without any pillow or covering, it was fairly snug. As the night wore on it got colder, and we sat shivering and smoking with sleep far from our eyes. At dawn we thought that we might safely get back on deck, and so lifting the cover we crept forth. To our horror we saw a sailor watching us, but to our utter amazement he simply gave us a knowing wink and walked away. He probably realized our predicament and, being a sportsman, preferred to ignore us.

During the day I made the acquaintance of a couple of very good fellows who were emigrating to Canada. I learned that the two men shared a cabin with two spare bunks. Taking a chance, I confided to one of the men that we were stowaways, and he turned out to be a thorough sportsman.

"By God!" he said, "good luck to you. I hope you get away with it." He then suggested that Clements and I should occupy the two spare bunks in their cabin, and to this we eagerly agreed, for I did not fancy eight nights in a cold, draughty boat.

Clements' mind was always concentrated on theft, and I had the greatest difficulty in restraining him from prowling in the night to the first-class cabins on the [illegible].

"But, Netley," he protested, "it's a sure clean-up with not a chance of getting caught."

"Don't you see, you silly ass," I replied, "that if anything like that happens they'll start search-

Continued on Page 18

Kid Sisters Don't Count By Maysie Greig

The Gripping Story of a Girl Who Found Love, But Only at the Price of Her Romantic Ideals

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

B[illegible]

CHAPTER XXII.

"Have It Your Way."

THIS business of their future relations might as well be settled once and for all, Kay decided.

Quentin turned from the window.

"Why do you despise me so much, my dear? Is it because I'm too frank, too brutal in my methods of wooing you, or because you don't think I measure up to the standards of the estimable Lang?" Despite himself a note of sarcasm had entered his voice. It effectively erased the new tenderer feeling that had risen in Kay.

"Please leave Lang out of it," she said [illegible].

"Oh, so that's the reason?" His voice was mocking again. "Lang's still the perfect hero and, in comparison, I'm found wanting?"

"Surely you wouldn't compare yourself with Lang?" she shot back at him.

"You forget I've never met the gentleman. My misfortune, I'm sure." He smiled hardly.

"Thanks [illegible]," she said pointedly.

And there was another pause. She leant forward and poured herself a fresh cup of coffee. It was a little cold, but it was comforting.

"See here, Kay," he said presently. "Are you willing to give yourself a chance to love me?"

She bit her lips sharply. She murmured, "I don't understand." Though really, she was playing for time. She thought, "Do I want to love him ever?" And knew, in a strange way, she was afraid of loving him. To love Quentin would hurt. It would be an entirely different process from loving Lang, or anyone she knew. That would be safe, [illegible]. But with Quentin there would always be times when you'd hate him, when he'd seem to tear your heart out of your very body and fling it back at you when he'd be impatient and [illegible]. All this Kay sensed vaguely, though she wouldn't have been able to put it into words.

"[illegible], my dear," Quentin's voice was low and impatient. "Surely that's asking very little? After all, you are my wife."

She raised her head and looked up at him. "What do you want me to do?"

He smiled slightly. "Nothing. That's just it. Just let yourself be... I fancy that's your trouble, isn't it, Muff? You're always doing, or wanting to do rather definite things.

"You don't give yourself a chance to find out what you, the you deep down inside, thinks about anything. Let alone to know what the same you wants to do! I want you, as far as possible, just to love, to drift along and stop thinking." He paused, his smile twisted. "Is that such an awful lot to ask of anyone, sweet?"

She murmured, "No, I don't suppose it is." All the same she was suspicious. Besides, there was that other thing. The thing that had happend last night. It musn't happen again. She couldn't bear it.

She tried to put this into words. Last night in that dim room with the leaping firelight it hadn't been so difficult. But this morning the very thought of discussing it made hot and cold little pin pricks creep all over her body. Perhaps it was the warm sunlight, the every-day aspect of the cheerfully furnished bedroom. Or perhaps it was some indefinable change in herself. Before she had been a modern girl, rather hard as most modern girls are, and inclined to be frank about these matters. But this morning she felt older, years older, and a woman. Frankness of speech had no longer such an irresistible appeal.

All the same, it had to be threshed out.

"How could I stay with you, Quentin—not loving you?"

She moistened her lips. "Very well, not loving you in my way." She added, somehow she couldn't keep it back, "It was—cruel."

He moved his head. His deep blue eyes were rather sad. "I didn't mean it to be cruel. I wanted to show you what loving, what being loved, can mean. I hoped..." he paused. A shadow passed over his face. "It might bring you round to my way of thinking."

She said quickly, "I could never think your way. You belittle everything I hold sacred."

"I hold some things sacred, too, my dear," he said quietly.

She glanced up at him in surprise. "Do you?" But she didn't ask him what they were. In a strange way she was afraid to.

"I know what you're driving at, Kay," he said. "I guess I should have helped you out before. But there's a perverse devil in me that won't always let me do even what I want to do... You're trying to say you can't live with me as my wife. That's it, isn't it?"

She nodded, staring down at the little mound her knees were making under the crumpled bedclothes. "Yes."

He got up from the bed and crossed to the window. He stood there [illegible] for some minutes without speaking. He was frowning. Presently he turned his head with a [illegible] jerk, and his dark face was expressionless.

"Very well. I capitulate. Mind you, it's against my principles. It [illegible] against my common sense. But" the [illegible] whimsical, half ironical crept into his eyes, "I haven't a great deal of choice, have I? You're rather a tough proposition to handle, little lady mine."

"You mean..." Kay's voice trailed away. She was still staring down at the mound her knees made under the bedclothes.

"Yes, I mean you shall be treated like a very distant cousin [illegible]. We'll continue this honeymoon, though [illegible] a vinegar moon [illegible]. We'll [illegible] Better keep moving under the circumstances, don't you think?" He raised one dark eyebrow quizzically.

Kay drew a tight breath. "You think it's possible like that?"

"Everything's possible [illegible] you're hardened," and he added, "I think, my dear, it's our chance, don't you?"

Kay thought about it. Or [illegible] agreed he was [illegible]. But [illegible] she was too exhausted emotionally for any clear thought.

"Very well. [illegible]," he paused, and his voice sank, "if you think I can trust you?"

With an abrupt movement he came and stood over her. He seemed angry suddenly. He raised her chin with his finger. "Look at me, Kay," he spoke almost harshly. "Don't you think you can trust me?"

[illegible] When her voice came it was small and hesitant. And what she said astonished her.

"Yes, I think I can trust you. I want to trust you, Quentin."

In the weeks that followed, Kay was able to forget, to some degree, the Quentin who had been her husband, her lover, and to get to know him in a new role. A good companion and a friend.

They drove up into Maine, finding themselves in the full blaze of a late Indian Summer. They bathed; Quentin fished. Once or twice a day Kay accompanied him on these expeditions, rising with the dawn, and going out with the fishermen in their boats in the very still hush of the early morning.

She was thrilled with these outings. It surprised her how easily Quentin got on with the fishermen, how much they seemed to like him. Occasionally, sitting in the prow of the little boat, her arms clasped about her knees, she would find herself looking at him with a curious intentness. In somewhat dilapidated gray trousers, a khaki shirt rolled at the sleeves and open at the throat, his tan deepened by these days in the sunshine, he looked a very different Quentin from the smart man about town she had first known.

She found herself thinking. "He's attractive, isn't he? So very vital... so very intent. And he is handsome." Not handsome, as Lang was handsome, in his typically blond, Nordic way. But handsome in a rather wild Latin way.

Once he caught her staring at him. He said, "What are you looking at, Kay?"

"You," she murmured. Then, for some unaccountable reason, she flushed. She turned her head aside quickly, pretended she was staring down into the water.

He laughed quietly. "Anything remarkable about me this morning?"

"No-o." Still she kept her face averted. "Except those trousers are disgracefully dirty."

"So that's what you were looking at!" He grunted. It was a disappointed sound.

Quentin was a man of moods, she learnt. He alternated between an amusing and cheerful lightheartedness and a depression so black that nothing would draw him out of it. At times, when these moods held him, he would treat her almost roughly, say things calculated to wound her.

Once, when they had been for a canter and were returning through the woods that separated the hotel from the stable, she had protested. Quentin sat down upon a boulder and looked up at her. "Gosh, what can you expect, Kay?" he exclaimed savagely. "I'm a normal man. How can you imagine I can remain mild and sweet under this half-baked relationship? If I didn't love you it wouldn't be so bad. But loving you and having to

"What can you expect, Kay?" Quentin Exclaimed Savagely. "How can you imagine I can remain mild and sweet under this half-baked relationship?"

keep my distance as though I were some leper..."

"It was your idea," she reminded him.

"Guess so. A mouthful of bread is better than none at all, eh? Yet sometimes I wonder if a starvation diet isn't wisest."

"We can always separate," she said quietly. Yet she was startled by the sharp sense of dismay that rose up in her. She couldn't understand it. It wasn't as if she loved this man. How could she when she loved Lang? And she wasn't fickle by nature.

A sense of almost oppressive stillness reigned about them. The thick overhead branches cut out most of the light of the dying sun. The leaves under their feet were damp and made a faint crunching sound.

"No, I guess not, Kay. I'm enough of a gambler to carry on. And when the stake is so high..."

She said impulsively, "I wish you wouldn't think it so high, Quentin."

He smiled twistedly. "I wish I didn't either, my dear. It's rather a humiliating position, isn't it? Loving a girl madly and not being able to have her. The fact that she's my wife makes it even worse."

Kay didn't say anything to that. They walked on in silence.

She said at last, "I don't want you to hope, Quentin. I'm afraid it's not much use hoping."

He turned towards her, and she saw, in the half light, his thick dark brows were drawn together.

"Why? Surely you're not going to nurse an unrequited love for Lang all your life?"

Her small face flushed furiously. She didn't say anything.

"You don't like to be reminded of that, do you?" he demanded. "I can understand that. Yet I think the more you are reminded of it, the quicker you'll be to realize what a darned dumb thing it is. Things hidden away last longer than those dragged out into the open, you know."

"Supposing," her voice was slightly defiant, "I don't want to get over it?"

He stopped suddenly, caught her wrist, holding it so tightly he hurt her. "D'you mean that, Kay? D'you mean you don't want to get over it—ever?"

She tried to twist her wrist out of his grasp. "I don't know. You're hurting me, Quentin."

"I'm sorry." He spoke curtly, and dropped her wrist. "But, Kay, why must you talk that way? Haven't you been happy with me these past weeks?"

She didn't reply immediately. Odd, but it hadn't occurred to her before to wonder if she'd been happy or not. She knew at least she hadn't been actively unhappy. And at times, like that morning out in the boat, she had known a queer sense of elation. That this man was hers, that she had belonged to this man. But always she kept that sense under control. Wasn't it wrong? Traitor to the high idealistic love she cherished for Lang?

"I could make you happy if you'd let me, Kay," he spoke almost wistfully.

"I don't think you could." But her voice was shaken.

He put his hands on her shoulders and drew her towards him, holding her very close to him, peering down through the shadowed gloom at her small blurred wedge of a face.

"Why don't you stop fighting your own instincts, Muff darling? Let me love you as I did that first night. I can make you forget this other man. Give yourself to me, wholly, gladly, unreservedly... let me show you that real happiness is a matter more of the sense than of the mind."

His voice was low, intense, danger in it. Danger, too, in his strong lean hands as they gripped her shoulders. So easy, she thought, to give in to him; to promise to do as he wished. But could that surrender to her senses possibly give her happiness? She didn't believe so. She thought, "I might be happy for a time. But after that, I'd be wretched. Because when that sort of love went, what would be left? Nothing."

And yet, in that moment, she felt very alone. Needing sympathy, needing love. She thought, "If I love Quentin, I'll have lost everyone — Lang, Angela, Angela's people..."

All the same, that stubborn streak in Kay persisted. And, as moments passed and her despondency lifted, her fighting mood returned. She must fight for her ideals against this man who laughed at ideals. She must beware of the easy course. Had the easy course brought anyone lasting happiness yet?

She said in a small voice, "When I consented to come on this trip with you, Quentin, you promised..."

"Haven't I kept to my promise?" he interrupted curtly. He gave a short laugh. "To the very letter of it, even?"

"I thought it was also understood you weren't to worry me," she said in a very low voice. "If you had any decency you wouldn't."

A pause. The silence around them was very intense. Then Quentin dropped his arms. He stiffened. "Very well, Kay. I'll try to behave with more decency, then."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Quentin Makes a Wish.

THEY continued on without speaking. Through that wood with the tall trees and the brown carpet of leaves underfoot. The darkness grew thicker. Kay felt cold and wretched.

This afternoon when they had started out they had both been in high spirits and now... Was it his fault or hers? His, undoubtedly, she assured herself. He'd brought up that wretched subject again; he'd kidded her about Lang. He'd tried to spoil everything. He had, it seemed, succeeded.

Because of the narrowness of the track, they were walking so close their shoulders were almost touching. So very close, Kay thought, and yet suddenly, so very far away. She began to wish she hadn't said that about his not having any decency. She sensed it had hurt him. She thought, "He's queer, isn't he? You wouldn't think a little thing like that could affect him so much."

She felt impelled to stretch out her hand and touch his arm, say she was sorry. But mightn't that start it all up again? Yet, as she walked on beside him, glimpsing, every now and then, the dark, bitter brooding of his face, she couldn't keep silent.

"I guess I didn't mean that, Quentin," her voice was slightly hoarse. "You've been very good to me."

For a time he didn't say anything. Almost, she thought, as though he hadn't heard her. Then he laughed again.

"Kind of you to admit it, Kay."

Now the sarcasm was very real in his voice. Her hands clenched by her sides. You could never be sure of Quentin. If you tried to apologize, as likely as not he'd fling the apology back in your face. So different from Lang, who always understood, who was always ready to meet you half way.

And, again, they trudged on in that miserable, hurting silence.

The wood ended abruptly and they were on the cliff's edge before the hotel. A steep, white promontory, with the sea dark and angry at its base. Out yonder, the horizon was still stained a faint scarlet. A new moon was rising, virgin in its whiteness, slight in its curve.

"A new moon. I must wish," said Kay, impulsively.

"Still such a kid, aren't you, Muff?"

Her face colored slightly. "I don't know. Am I?"

They stood side by side, staring at the dwindling line of sunset.

"Yes... Cruel as a child, too, Muff."

"Are children cruel?"

"The very young are always cruel. You see, they've never been hurt."

Kay said, "I've been hurt." She was thinking of Lang, of that last night she'd spent in his flat. The misery of it.

He shook his head. "I guess not, Muff. Not really hurt. Not as a grown woman or man can be hurt. That's the trouble."

She didn't reply. She was wondering what she should wish. Something naturally in connection with Lang. She tried to amend that to Lang and Angela. But it was difficult.

But when she finally did wish, she was amazed at the words which formed in her mind. "I wish that Quentin would stop being so bitter. I wish I didn't have to hurt him. I wish... things weren't so muddled, somehow."

"Have you wished, Kay?" And she felt rather than saw the faint smile on his face.

"Yes." And because of a new sense of embarrassment her voice was suddenly sharp.

"You won't tell me what it was?"

"No." She shook her head quickly. The sense of embarrassment increased.

"But I'll tell you my wish, Kay. I'm going to wish it aloud. I turn the money in my pockets first, don't I?"

His voice was light, yet there was a certain tenseness to it. She couldn't tell if he were joking or not.

"Listen, but remember I'm speaking to the moon, not to you, so you can't interrupt." He drew a quick breath, then half said, half chanted, "I wish, oh, Mistress Moon, you would soften the heart of my lady towards me. I wish, one day, she would come to me of her own free will and say, 'I've been a little fool, Quentin. Forgive me, won't you? Take me in your arms and kiss me. Love me, as you loved me that night. For I love you, Quentin.'"

He hadn't moved; neither had he attempted to touch her. Yet, in a queer way, she felt he had touched her. As if he had actually stretched out his hand and pulled her close to him; so close she could feel his breath on her cheek. A queer, uncanny sensation. It shook her.

She had to say something ordinary to break that sense of tension.

"Hadn't we better be getting into the hotel? We haven't much time to change as it is."

He nodded. "I guess so." And he didn't speak again until they had entered and were on the point of going to their separate rooms.

"Wear that yellow gown, please, Kay," he smiled down at her whimsically. "Yellow suits you divinely. It may be rather an obvious color for you with your very dark hair... but then you're rather an obvious little person, aren't you, my sweet?"

When Kay came downstairs some little time later she found Quentin in conversation with an attractive fair-haired woman in a corner of the lounge.

Kay, in a full skirted yellow dress that suited her perfectly, came down the stairs tentatively, rather self-consciously. One usually does feel self-conscious when one has worn some special gown a man has asked for. A double admission of one's vanity and his power.

The lounge of the Brentmore Hotel was fairly crowded at this hour. Various of the guests sat in groups, chatting.

Kay hesitated, wondering who the woman could be. She'd never seen her before. A moment later Quentin looked up and beckoned her. "Come over, Kay, I want you to meet an old friend, Mrs. Laval. We knew each other out in the West Indies."

Having acknowledged the introduction, Mrs. Laval smiled and said, "I knew your husband very well, Mrs. Murdock, though I'd no idea he was in this part of the world. I guess I never got such a shock in my life as when I looked up and saw him coming down the stairs just now."

Quentin smiled across at her crookedly. "I hope it was a pleasant surprise, Dolly."

Her pale blue eyes smiled up into his. "The best I've had in a twelve month, I'll say."

"Are you alone, Dolly? Kay and I would be so glad to have you join us at our table," Quentin said presently. He turned towards Kay, "Wouldn't we, Muff?"

Kay murmured dutifully they would be delighted, though she couldn't help feeling she would have preferred it had the fair-haired Mrs. Laval sat elsewhere. She couldn't understand why she should feel like this, for Mrs Laval seemed quite nice and friendly. About twenty-seven or eight, Kay judged her.

Dolly Laval said she was quite alone. "You knew Dick died a year ago?"

"I'm sorry," Quentin muttered.

Mrs. Laval gave him the details of her husband's death. Afterwards they went on to talk of mutual friends they'd known out in the West Indies; parties they had mutually attended; adventures they'd mutually shared. As the conversation progressed, Kay couldn't help realizing that the friendship between them must have been fairly intimate.

She couldn't think why she should resent this, but she did resent it. She thought, "Only a fool is jealous of a man's past." That pulled her up with a shock. Of course she wasn't jealous of Quentin's past. The idea was absurd. How could you be jealous of a man you didn't love?

She thought, "It's only that I dislike being left out of the conversation." She felt happier having decided that.

There was dancing in the lounge after dinner, also on the glassed-in balcony that jutted out over the sea.

Quentin said to Kay, "You don't mind if I dance with Dolly first? Seeing she's partly our guest tonight."

Kay said she didn't mind. All the same, she was startlingly aware of a sense of hurt she tried to crush down.

Always before Quentin had danced with her immediately the jazz band commenced. At times, when she'd remonstrated he'd said, "A man should always dance first with the girl who means most to him. Even though she should happen to be his wife!"

Did Dolly mean more to him than she did tonight?

Another young man asked Kay to dance, and she danced with him. She danced the next three with him, though not from any great desire on either of their parts. Quentin hadn't shown up since he had wandered off with Dolly at the end of the first dance.

"He's probably showing her the garden," Kay thought bitterly. "The only time men seem interested in horticulture is when they've a pretty girl with them!"

Quentin reappeared at the beginning of the fifth dance. He strolled casually towards her, smoking a cigarette. As though to leave one's wife for five dances on end was an ordinary matter.

"That's your husband, isn't it?" Kay's young and patient cavalier said and he brightened perceptibly. Kay hadn't been in too sweet a mood these past two dances.

"It appears to be, doesn't it?" Kay answered shortly.

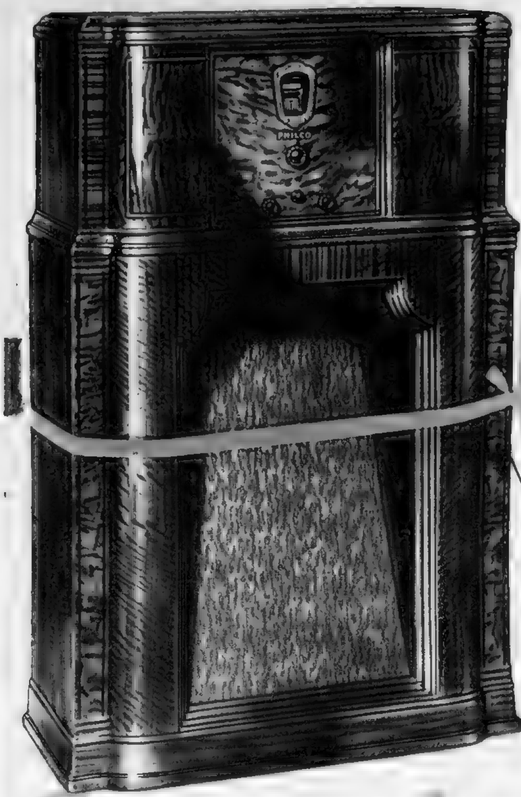
Quentin stopped in front of them and smiled down agreeably. "Enjoying yourself, Muff?"

She smiled back sweetly, too sweetly, "I'll say I am."

"That's great. Care to have the next dance?"

"I guess so . . . Where's Mrs Laval?"

(Continued on Page 18)



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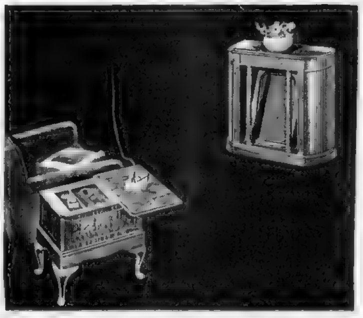

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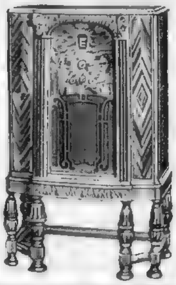

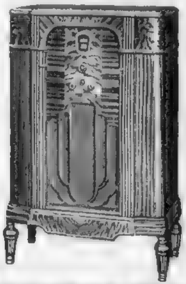

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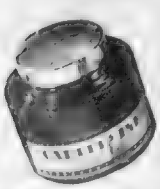

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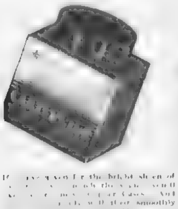
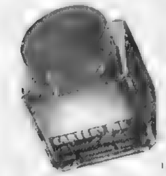


[illegible] for the bright sheen of [illegible] smoothly [illegible]



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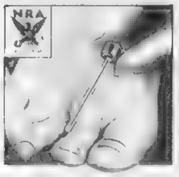

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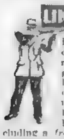

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By Basil Carey

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

J[illegible]

CHAPTER XIX
(Continued).
Prisoner on the San Juan

W[illegible]

[illegible]

He [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible]

"You [illegible] No one's ever [illegible] My mother [illegible]"

He [illegible]

[illegible]

"It was [illegible] I wanted."

He [illegible] the table and [illegible] She [illegible]

[illegible]

"You're the lovel[illegible] I have ever seen," Lambert was saying. "The loveliest—"

"Stop maundering and get up," she said, in a sharp tone.

"You're being utterly [illegible] but I could never care for [illegible]"

He [illegible] with a kind of [illegible] dignity in his bearing.

"[illegible] for you, [illegible]"

"No, [illegible] not. It's best to tell [illegible] What [illegible] Won't [illegible] stuff I don't [illegible]"

"I [illegible] what you want," [illegible] Somebody [illegible] who [illegible]"

[illegible]

"[illegible] That [illegible] you won't listen to me," he [illegible].

"What [illegible]"

[illegible]

She [illegible] sat down [illegible] She was worried [illegible] Blaize [illegible] If only he would come [illegible]

[illegible] there!" [illegible] Treherne.

"She's there!" Treherne's Voice Rasped to a High Note and Broke Oddly. "Crushed in between two rocks. Ribs and a bit of the keel left."

CHAPTER XX.
Blaize Conquers Takunai

T[illegible]

[illegible] food [illegible]

[illegible]

Blaize thought: "How did T[illegible] He'd have to [illegible] north coast for that. [illegible] wasn't on the north coast [illegible] today. If he had been we [illegible] have seen him. Most likely [illegible] round the corner the moment he saw us, and worked round to the [illegible] Well, bad luck on [illegible]"

He stood up, pushing his black hair [illegible] from the wet forehead. [illegible] was the core of [illegible] attention. From its summit he would probably [illegible] view the entire coast. He determined to make for the top.

[illegible] bundle over his [illegible] he plunged into the wood. It engulfed him, drowning him in its [illegible] green depths. Soon he had lost the sound of the sea. [illegible] there was a silence, the [illegible] that comes where trees are on a still day. It is more than mere lack of sound. It is a listening. At first Blaize paid no heed. His thoughts [illegible] His feet trod easily at this height, where the creeping bushes grew more thinly. But after a while he began to notice [illegible] his own breath sounded.

[illegible] fold in the ground [illegible] to a steep valley which [illegible] invisible from his former [illegible] point. He dug his [illegible] into the soil and went slithering [illegible] to a swamp.

Black mud oozed out of every footprint. A thick, sticky smell filled his nostrils. It came from the yellow flowers to the left. They had petals that were shaped to form a gaping mouth. Their long succulent leaves were [illegible] with dull indigo. As the sun fell on them, Blaize could make out struggling insects that were caught in the viscid fluid which overspread the lip-like petals. Everywhere lay trailing branches of an ugly, bloated plant with thick fleshy hooks, [illegible] at the tip. His squelching [illegible] came down heavily on a [illegible], and immediately they [illegible], spilling a thin reddish [illegible] of fluid.

"Ahoba," Blaize murmured, and took care to avoid the sinister [illegible] next time it lay in his [illegible]. The juice of the ahoba [illegible] spurts a long way and will [illegible] neat and exquisitely painful [illegible] wherever it touches the [illegible]. It was difficult not to tread on [illegible] menace, but he managed [illegible]. The place was a [illegible] of struggling, fighting plants. [illegible] survived in this welter of [illegible] battened on their weak[illegible] neighbors, throwing out [illegible] of tendrils and suckers [illegible] fought together for supremacy. Here and there were [illegible] of a strange object like an overgrown daisy, with a thick [illegible] of clustering leaves and [illegible] of a thickness out of all proportion to the size of the pale, [illegible] blossoms. Blaize sank [illegible] knees [illegible] again. For the best part of an hour he [illegible] over [illegible] stretch of country. The valley was not more than half a mile wide. But it was the longest half mile he had ever known.

By the time he reached the opposite slope it was almost noon. The sun poured down, [illegible] with his sword [illegible] to the writhing [illegible] of the earth. Blaize felt sick. To one whose nostrils were accustomed to the salt tang of open sea, the fetid miasma of decay seemed unbearable. His arms, his legs, and the greater part of his body were all thick with mud. In vain he searched for some trickle of water, some [illegible] pool. There was none to be seen. Setting his teeth he ploughed on up the slope until the ground was hard and dry beneath his weary feet. Then he stripped, setting out his clothes to dry in the burning heat of midday.

Carefully opening a can of corned beef, ("Thank heaven for patent [illegible] that don't need a tin-opener," said Blaize devoutly) he ate some, chewing well to draw the saliva. Of liquid refreshment he had none. The whiskey in his flask [illegible] he hoarded like gold. Later on he would try for a green coconut. There was no time now to be spent on creature comforts.

He waited till his clothes were dry, then beat out the dried mud and put them on again. But when he stood up, his limbs trembled at the strain that they had undergone, and he was forced to sit down ignominiously. He waited for another 20 minutes before he attempted the upward climb.

The ground soon began to slope like the roof of a house. He slipped and slid, pulling himself up by the aid of the tree-trunks. Often he had to stop and rest. Every vein in his body seemed swelled to the bursting point. The pack on his shoulders fretted him like a naked saw. Upward, ever upwards, with his eyes fixed on his objective, until he was blind and sick and giddy with effort. But he would not relax. If he gave in now, if he rested now, he would not move again for hours. He knew it, and struggled on, in spite of the clamor in his ears, the strange, rushing lights before his eyes.

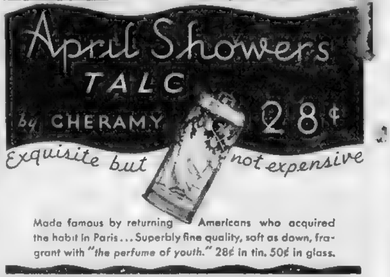
By and by he felt the air grow cooler. Turning cautiously, he found that the valley lay far behind him. The ground sloped more gently now. The trees grew singly. There were a few bushes at this height. The extreme summit of the hill had assumed a circular aspect, like the rim of a saucer seen from beneath. Blaize swayed upright, but the effort proved more than he could stand. He dropped to all fours again, his heart pounding like a smith's hammer, his breath coming in huge, rasping jerks. Hand over hand he went to the top, climbing over the ridge at the edge to fall headlong into a mass of brittle, gray stones in the center of the cup-like depression.

For a moment he lay half-stunned. Then sitting up he perceived that he was in the crater of the dead volcano. The stones were not stones, but dried-up lava, queer skull-shaped pieces that crunched and crackled at every movement that he made. At length he wavered to his feet and scrambled up until he could seize the edge of the ridge and look over.

For a long time he stood there, getting back his wind and his sense of proportion. He had accomplished what he set out to do, and the knowledge filled him with that fierce elation which is the sweetest sensation known to man.

He had conquered Takunai. She had opposed him by every means in her power and he had defeated her, smashing through her defences, storming her ra[illegible]

(Continued on Page 20)



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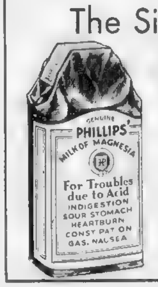
Exquisite but not expensive

Made famous by returning Americans who acquired the habit in Paris . . . Superbly fine quality, soft as down, fragrant with "the perfume of youth." 28¢ in tin, 50¢ in glass.

She Feared She Had a Serious Disorder

What She Really Had Was "Acid Stomach" Easily Corrected

The Signs of Acid Stomach



Nervousness
Neuralgia
Indigestion
Auto-intoxication
Nausea
Frequent Headaches
Feeling of Weakness
Sleeplessness
Mouth Acidity
Sour Stomach
Loss of Appetite

WHAT TO DO FOR IT

TAKE—2 Teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

OR Take the new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets—*one tablet* for each teaspoonful as directed above.

Authorities say a large number of people suffer from acid stomach. And think, often, that there is something far worse the matter with them.

If *you* have Acid Stomach, you can easily trace it. Headaches, stomach pains after eating, "gas," "upsets," nausea are the usual indications.

To get rid of it, all you need do is this:

TAKE 2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed. Or—you can take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets, substituting one tablet for each teaspoonful of the liquid and get the same result.

Try It—You Will Be Amazed

Try this. It may make a great difference in your life. For this small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts to neutralize the stomach acids that cause distress.

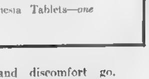
After-meal pains and discomfort go. You feel freedom from dull headaches. That "afternoon-fag" you think is "nerves" disappears. You feel like another person.

Get REAL Phillips'

But all "milk of magnesia" is not alike. When you buy, be sure to get the REAL article—Genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. This is the kind doctors endorse—*judged the safest and most effective laxative anti-acid known.*

ALSO IN TABLET FORM

Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



Phillips' Milk of Magnesia

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Bounce back to normal like this all-star cast

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's brilliant all-star production. Left to right: Standing — Edmund Lowe (*Dr. Talbot*) . . . George Cukor, *Director* . . . Lionel Barrymore (*Oliver Jordan*) Jean Harlow (*Kitty Packard*) . . . Phillips Holmes (*Ernest*). *Sitting* — Madge Evans (*Paula Jordan*) . . . Louise Closser Hale (*Hattie Loomis*) . . . Billie Burke (*Millicent Jordan*) . . . Marie Dressler (*Carlotta Vance*) . . . Karen Morley (*Lucy Talbot*) . . . Grant Mitchell (*Ed Loomis*) . . . A David O. Selznick Production.

Photographed between camera shots of "DINNER AT EIGHT"

In Hollywood, you see it every day in the making of pictures — *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola. It breaks the stress and strain of shooting scenes over and over. It is cooling relief from the hot kleig lights. It banishes drowsy yawns and hot, thirsty faces. It's the way to bounce back to normal and feel fit for what's ahead.. There's a scientific reason for it. Coca-Cola is a perfect blend of those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost authorities say do most to restore you to your normal self. Really delicious, it invites a pause, a pause that will refresh you.

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[illegible]

Unblushing Confessions of a Versatile Rascal

(Continued from Double Page)

ng the ship and checking up the passengers, with the result that we shall be found out."

[illegible], Clements saw the point, and agreed to keep his hands in his pockets [illegible] landed in Canada or the United States.

The day came when we sighted Halifax and here we decided to land. As immigrants we should be all right in Canada without passports, while in the United States we should run a great risk of detection by trying to land without papers at all. We knew that even at Halifax there would be [illegible]

[illegible]

officials. At this point we should have been called upon to give up our landing cards if we had possessed them. However, now that we were actually in Canada, we had no intention of being caught on the post. Quickly we looked around for a way to escape.

[illegible] a luggage office we could gain the street. More quickly than it takes to write this sentence we had dashed through and disappeared into Halifax town. Thus we had accomplished our task, crossed the Atlantic without paying one penny in passage money, and were, moreover, criminals wanted in the Old Country. [illegible]

[illegible] peated. We had got over yet another difficult situation.

In the early hours of the morning, we arrived at Montreal and detrained. After a substantial meal of ham and eggs at an all-night cafe, we went to the Hotel Windsor, one of the best in the [illegible] and booked a room "on tick." We turned in and slept until noon, and then got up, dressed, and had a good breakfast.

"Now what?" I asked Clements.

"Well, we'll have to raise the wind somehow," replied my companion. "You'd better see what you can find in the hotel and I'll go out 'drumming' and see what I can do."

[illegible] Clements had left [illegible] became faint and [illegible] something was [illegible] did I feel, [illegible] of going [illegible] what I could [illegible] to bed and knew [illegible] late that night [illegible] returned and [illegible]

"[illegible] luck?" I asked, [illegible] explained that I had [illegible] to try my own hand [illegible]. For answer Clements [illegible] side of the bed and [illegible] wad of dollar bills. "[illegible] and eighty bucks," [illegible] ned.

"Good boy," I said. "Where'd you get them?"

"[illegible] was too funny," said [illegible]. "I was in an apartment [illegible] getting ready to [illegible] I could pick up, which wasn't much, when the [illegible] that owned the joint re[illegible] I had to hide under a [illegible] saw at once that she [illegible] 'nail' (woman of the [illegible] she had brought [illegible]. You'd have died [illegible] you'd been there. [illegible] and when the [illegible] and went into the next room I went through his clothes and found this roll. As [illegible] pair were out of the way I cleared out and took the bloke's trousers with me!"

"You took his trousers? What on earth for?"

"Just for a joke," laughed Clements. "[illegible] was in a [illegible] when he found [illegible]"

We turned in, and in the morning when I awakened I had the shock of my life, for Clements had cleared out, taking all the money with the exception of [illegible] which, as an [illegible] I had thrown on [illegible]. He left a [illegible]

"Dear Netley, I'm going on [illegible] the States. I've had enough of working with you. Jim."

To say I was amazed is to put [illegible]. Even now I do not know for what reason Clements deserted me, and I have neither heard nor seen anything of him since that day in Montreal. For all I know he may still be on the other side of the Atlantic. It was no good crying over spilt milk, and so, dressing myself, I put the twenty dollars in my pocket, had a good breakfast and reviewed the position. Somehow I didn't like Montreal, and decided I would go to Toronto. I found that my twenty dollars would just take me to Toronto, and so that night I boarded a train en route for the most English city in Canada.

In Toronto I soon discovered there was a considerable underworld, as vicious and lurid as any I have seen in Europe, and is perhaps exceeded only by Chicago and New York. I arrived with about $2 in my pocket, but, after a stroll about the city, located a nice little "job," which I performed in the residential quarter, whereby I was enriched to the amount of $750.

I also learned that many of the Toronto crooks were bootleggers running liquor into Ontario from the Province of Quebec. I took a job delivering booze all over the city, dressed as a window cleaner in a white smock and peaked cap. My truck, containing a ladder and the other implements of my "trade," was an admirable cloak to the bottles of liquor I delivered to the customers of the bootlegger, by whom I was very liberally paid. I was now in excellent financial condition with the rewards I got for delivering liquor and an occasional "job" I pulled off during the night. But I got into a difficulty with a gangster of a very evil reputation on account of my attentions to his sweetheart. When I confided my predicament to my bootlegger boss, his advice was terse.

"Buddy," he said, "you'd better get over the border to the States. I know that guy, and if he doesn't plug you he'll frame you with the police and you'll go up for three years to Kingston Penitentiary."

"How'll I get over the border?" I asked. "I have no passport."

"Why, boy, you can walk over! Beat it to Niagara Falls and you can walk over the bridge into New York State, then take a train to Chicago or New York, whichever you wish."

I took his advice. A fairly close watch is kept by the United States immigration officials at the bridge, but if a person carries no baggage and says he is only going over for the day (and gives a surreptitious present of $10) it is perfectly easy to get into the United States at almost any international bridge.

I left Canada with nearly $1,000 in my pocket and my heart thrilled as I stepped off the train in Chicago. I outfitted myself with more clothes, bought a couple of suit-cases and registered at a hotel. This done I strolled out, entered a speakeasy and was soon sitting at a table with a painted blonde. She was cute, this youngster, with a beautiful figure.

She naturally took me for a "sucker," and tried to play me for all she was worth. To all outward appearances I was just a dumb Englishman, but I knew as much about her "racket" as she knew herself, and, after I had tolerated her obvious and suggestive advances for the time it takes to stomach three of the vile cocktails I was drinking I decided to show her a thing or two and to convince her that, although I had the time and the money for her sort, our friendship could only continue provided we "cleared decks" and came to an understanding. When I told her I was a crook she laughed in disbelief. My vanity was hurt, so, in order to restore my self-respect I bade her wait and watch. Then, walking over towards the crowded bar, I "breeched" a loud-voiced gentleman of his wallet and returned to the table at which we were sitting. It was a mistake, because the blonde promptly threatened to set up a squeal.

"Shut up, you silly fool," I said sharply, "we'll split."

She closed her mouth, grabbed [illegible] the street. In the privacy of a taxi I examined the "leather" I had stolen, and found just under a couple of hundred dollars. I split the "dough" two ways, and watched amusedly as the blonde stowed hers in the approved place. After this incident we became good friends, and under her ciceronage I saw much more of Chicago than I should have done by myself.

But Chicago seemed to be full of busy underworld workers and I decided to go to New York. My little blonde friend telephoned to some underworld friends of hers in New York and next day I registered at the McAlpin Hotel. But complications which quickly arose in the metropolis made me determined that I had better get back across the line into Canada again. And this I did in exactly the same way as I had entered the States.

Having no desire to meet the tough gangster I had offended in Toronto, I travelled on to Montreal, jumped aboard the first train out and discovered I was bound for St. John, in New Brunswick. Arrived at St. John, I decided to return to England and, remembering the tactics of my old friend, Clements, went on board the C. P. R. liner Montrose, which sailed the following day. Employing very much the same methods as we had used on our free passage from England to Canada, I found myself in due time once more in the London underworld.

A few evenings later I was waiting at the Ritz to dine with "Gwen," a very pretty girl I had met, when I suddenly felt my arm grasped and, turning round, found myself face to face with Stanley Scott.

"Come on, Netley," he said. "I'm going to hand you over to the police."

And, astounding as it may seem, I surrendered myself unconditionally to Stanley Scott, accompanied him in a taxi to the Chelsea Police Station and gave myself up to the police without a struggle. To this day I cannot understand why I did it and when once I was in custody I

(Continued on Page 19)

Kid Sisters Don't Count

By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 14)

"Dolly? Oh, she's gone to bed. She asked me to say good-night [illegible] headache after the journey."

The youth excused himself. Quentin sat down in the place he [illegible].

"I feel I must do my best to cheer Dolly up," he said presently. "I'm afraid the poor kid's rather lonely."

"It must have been very sad for her losing her husband," Kay murmured, trying to sound more [illegible] than she actually felt.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that. Dick and she never hit it off," he remarked.

"Your female acquaintances seem to be entirely composed of wives who didn't hit it off with their husbands!" Kay said acidly.

He gave a short sharp laugh. "Perhaps you're right, Muff!"

"And this Dolly Laval, I suppose she was another of your numerous affairs?"

For the life of her Kay couldn't understand why she was [illegible]ing so badly. She just felt like that.

Quentin was still smiling. "Why not? Don't you think I've taste? Not a bad looker, is she?"

"I think it's perfectly rotten to talk that way," she retorted hotly. "Especially to admit to flirtation with her while her husband was alive!"

"Old Dick Laval? Why, my dear girl, his affairs were notorious."

"All the same that doesn't excuse you—or her," she said sharply. "I wouldn't put it past her wanting to flirt with you now!"

There was a brief uncomfortable pause. At least Kay felt uncomfortable. Quentin, on the contrary, seemed hugely amused.

"What if she does? My dear girl..."

"Don't call me your dear girl," she interrupted fiercely. "It sounds as though you were talking to a...a servant or someone!"

"Well, Muff sweet, why shouldn't she flirt with me? Why shouldn't I flirt back with her for that matter?" His blue eyes, as they pierced hers, glinted with amusement.

Perhaps it was the sense that he was laughing at her which increased Kay's temper. "Oh," her voice was strangled, "you don't seem to realize you're married to me, do you? And it isn't right to talk that way!" A moment later she could have bitten her tongue out. What had made her say that?

The smile faded abruptly from Quentin's face. His fingers tightened about her wrist. When he spoke his voice was curiously harsh. "I guess I do realize that, Kay. More than you do, perhaps. But if you think you're going to dictate what women I shall and shall not be friendly with, you're mistaken. You can't keep me at arm's length in private, my dear, and cling possessively on to me in public! Either you're my wife in the true sense of the word, or I flirt with any pretty woman I choose to flirt with!"

To Be Continued Next Sunday

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A LIQUID LAXATIVE BEST FOR CHILDREN

(For three reasons explained below)

Did you know a laxative that works just right for you, can work havoc with a child?

That the laxative habit can be contracted at the age of six?

And that the wrong laxative can give children chronic constipation before their tenth birthday?

You wouldn't give your children a powerful headache powder! You shouldn't give them a violent cathartic.

Parents Aroused At Last!

Doctors urge the use of a *liquid* laxative for children; preferably one with *senna*. A liquid laxative can be regulated as to dose. The natural laxative action of senna does not weaken the bowels.

Druggists report increasing sales of liquid laxatives. Mothers are rapidly discovering the advantage of the liquid form. Thousands of cases of ill-health—and half-health in children are being cleared up by stopping all use of laxatives of adult strength.

Give Them a Chance!

The preparation most favored for child use is California Syrup of Figs. It is a fruity syrup with the right amount of senna for gentle stimulation of a child's bowels. It gives the right kind of help.

If the bowels aren't moving regularly and thoroughly, don't give any medicine that drains the system dry. Give a liquid senna preparation like California Syrup of Figs. A little every day, *and reduce the dose each day.* At the end of one week—stop. You'll be surprised how long it will be [illegible] the bowels need any further help. *It may be months.*

Be sure you get the real California Syrup of Figs, with "California" on the label. If you get the right preparation, and use it the right way, you can absolutely end all worry over constant sluggish spells, bilious attacks, constipation.

All druggists keep California Syrup of Figs, ready for use. It is highly recommended for regulating children, and to undo the mischief done by habit-forming laxatives.

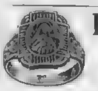
Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.



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To Any Catholic

Observe HOLY YEAR

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IT IS NOT A DYE, but an absolutely pure perfectly harmless mascara

Do not confuse Maybelline mascara with eyelash *dyes.* Maybelline is simply a harmless water color that instantly darkens and beautifies the eyelashes. It has been used consistently for sixteen years by millions of women in all parts of the world with absolute safety and satisfaction. Insist on genuine Maybelline eyelash darkener and be assured of absolutely harmless, non-smarting, tear-proof mascara. Black or Brown, 75c.

Sold by Reputable Toilet Goods Dealers Throughout the World

Now Feel Even a Bad Headache Go in Few Minutes

1.
JACK, I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO MISS THAT DANCE AT THE CLUB TONIGHT—I'VE AN AWFUL HEADACHE...
DON'T GIVE UP—JUST TAKE 2 TABLETS OF BAYER ASPIRIN—I'LL CALL BACK IN AN HOUR.
2.
I WONDER WHY HE INSISTED ON BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS..
I KNOW, MISS JONES, BECAUSE BAYER WORKS SO FAST!
3. IN AN HOUR
WELL, HOW'S THE HEADACHE?
COMPLETELY GONE! BAYER ASPIRIN'S SIMPLY WONDERFUL! I NEVER KNEW YOU COULD GET RID OF A HEADACHE SO QUICKLY...COME RIGHT OVER!
4
WHY BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST
Drop a Bayer Tablet in
action.

Don't Forget Real BAYER Aspirin Starts "Taking Hold" of Pain in Few Minutes

Here is quicker relief from pain—the *fastest*, safe relief, it is said, ever known. This is due to a scientific discovery—Bayer Aspirin—which starts "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass tells the story. A Bayer tablet starts to disintegrate or dissolve—go to work—almost instantly. This means quick relief from pain—fewer lost hours from headache, neuritis, rheumatism.

And *safe* relief. For genuine Bayer Aspirin does not harm the heart.

When you buy, see that you get the genuine Bayer Aspirin. The best way is never to ask for aspirin by the name "aspirin" alone. But if you want Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always say "Bayer Aspirin."

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

Unblushing Confessions of a Versatile Rascal

(Continued from Page 18)

raved at the impulse which made me suddenly weak.

I found myself charged with a number of robberies and thefts, including a suit-case from the Paddington Station containing a quantity of jewelry. At this time, while awaiting trial, I made the acquaintance of a young public school boy, whom I will call Dick. We were both sentenced to Wormwood Scrubbs Prison—I for twelve months and Dick for a term of a few months longer.

At last the day came when I threw off the hated prison garb and marched out into the world a free man again. My footsteps took me to Fleet Street, the great journalistic center of London, and I was able to place a number of articles with some of the British magazines. Eventually the time came for the release of my prison pal, Dick, and I waited outside Wormwood Scrubbs Prison until the big gates opened and he came out. We were too very happy young men as we drove away in a taxi, and we were soon making plans for the future over breakfast at my Pimlico flat.

"What shall we do?" asked Dick.

"I'm game for anything," I replied. "What about going abroad?"

"That's a good scheme. But I've no money."

"Don't worry, old chap," I replied, "I'm twenty-one tomorrow and my guardians have got to hand over a nice little packet."

"But I can't 'sponge' on you."

"It's not a case of sponging. From now on we go fifty-fifty in everything." This arrangement has held between us from that day to this. The following day I received a check for my inheritance, the sum of $1,000.00—and it did not take us long to cash that check!

We went to the Canadian Pacific Line and bought two tickets for Quebec. I was a bit afraid to go to Canada again, but Dick said he had always wanted to go there, and one part of the world was as interesting to me as another. The difference between my first trip and the second lay in the fact that upon the latter I was traveling as a genuine passenger and not as I had previously crossed and returned—a stowaway.

We had booked passages on the Montcalm, and that night I was once more en route for the other side of the world, not on criminal bent, but in the hope of honorable adventure. We felt rather like two pioneers in search of a new world, and hardly gave a thought as to what the future might hold in store for us. We were just too excited over our comradeship, and felt that together we could storm the world.

At the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec I met a charming little woman at the dinner dance one evening, and the next day she informed me that she was a relative of a very high Quebec police official. I decided it was wise to leave the Frontenac and we went to Montreal. In Quebec we had met a rich young farmer who knew his way about the cities of Canada as only a bachelor should. He had said to us one evening:

"Boys, when you get to Montreal, and you want a bit of fun—get into any taxi and say to the driver 'Ninety-two'!"

"Well—what will happen?" I asked.

"Never mind," said the Canadian; "just you two boys try it."

On our first night in Montreal, I reminded Dick of this word of advice and, as we had dined well and were in the mood for anything, we hailed a cab and said quietly to the driver, "Ninety-two!" At once he grinned, touched his hat, slipped in his gears, and shot away for our unknown destination. After about a quarter of an hour's drive, he pulled up at a house in a narrow street. Descending, he said:

"Well, here you are, boys. Shall I wait?"

"Yes," I said, at the same time taking the number of the cab in case it might come in useful. Wondering greatly, we walked up to the front door of the tall house before us and knocked. At once it was opened by an evil-looking woman, who beckoned us inside without a word. We found ourselves in a brightly lighted hall, from which we were shown into a large apartment, also brilliantly lighted, and left alone. I turned to Dick and burst out laughing.

"This is a case," I said (case is an underworld expression for disorderly house), and so it turned out to be. A few minutes later a number of girls were ushered in in a state of deshabille, and we were asked to make our choice.

"Aw," I said to Dick, "we don't want this sort of stuff," and made to push my way out. But the woman of the house barred my way, "Fussy, aren't you, boy," she said, with a leer.

"No, just not interested," I replied, and made for the door again.

"Wait a minute," said the woman, and led the way to a small room on the other side of the house: "How much money have you boys got?"

"Enough to pay for anything we want—but not here," I said, wondering what the woman was getting at.

"Have you got a couple of hundred bucks?"

"Maybe," I said slowly.

"Then come with me," said the evil-looking procuress, leading the way across the hall and up the stairs to the top of the house, where she unlocked a door which faced us. We entered, and she closed the door behind her and stood leering at us, while we glanced past her across the room. It was a sparsely furnished little apartment, but under a skylight which was barred stood a bed and on it lay a sleeping girl. I could see at a glance that she was not the type of girl whom one would expect to find in a place like this, and quick as a flash I realized the dirty game the woman was playing.

"Well—nice, eh?" murmured the woman.

"Not bad," I replied, determined to play for time.

"Two hundred bucks," said the procuress. For a moment I said nothing, looking quietly but meaningly at Dick. Then, to his amazement, I produced the money and handed it to the woman. Folding it up in her claw-like hands she went out of the room and locked the door upon us.

"Well, what do you think of that?" I asked Dick.

"The dirty——," my pal let forth a stream of invective. In the midst of it we heard a movement behind us and a sharp cry. Turning round we saw that the girl was awake.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" she said, with terror in her voice.

"Sssh," I said, "we aren't going to harm you. Who are you, and why are you here?"

She then told us an extraordinary story. She had been traveling from Winnipeg to Quebec by train, and had detrained at Montreal to catch another connection. At the station she had been spoken to by a woman, who invited her to come and have tea at her home, as she had two hours to wait for her train. She had consented, had been brought to this place and, having drunk her tea, had known no more until she woke and saw us. It was an old story, the hackneyed and much used modus operandi of the white-slave trafficker.

"We've got to get this kid out of here," I said to Dick.

"You bet," he replied, "but how?"

We tried the door, but of course it was locked. We looked up at the skylight. By standing on the bed I was just able to reach it, and after a struggle managed to push it open. After a hard fight we loosened the bars and managed to get on to the roof. I went first, Dick helped the girl up, and then he followed. By scrambling over the roofs of several houses we were eventually able to descend on to an outhouse about twelve feet from the ground. I took a jump from this while Dick held the girl by the wrists and lowered her until I could grasp her by the legs and gradually bring her to the ground. Dick came to earth in a heap. Luckily we found our taxi very quickly and pushed the girl inside.

"And now what?" I asked.

"The police," suggested Dick.

"The old cat deserves it," I said, "but we can't do that." Why, I didn't explain, but we both realized that, no matter how despicable this woman and her accomplice were, yet they were of the underworld, and we, being also of the submerged tenth, were bound by the criminal code not to give information to the police, however grave the provocation. That night we bought our little friend a ticket for Quebec and saw her on the train. Our final advice to her was to say nothing to anybody of her experience, for although nothing had happened to her of which she need be ashamed, yet the world is always inclined to believe the worst, and argue that where there is smoke there must necessarily be fire.

We were running low in funds and decided to set up an employment agency, advertising that we could obtain film parts for girls in forthcoming productions. Of course, it was a "racket" and we only collected registration fees at $2 a time. We had hundreds of applications enclosing money, and nothing might have happened had not the immigration officials called and asked how we were proposing to overcome the American labor quota if we secured Hollywood jobs for hundreds of Canadian girls?

This was a difficult question to answer and, therefore, we were not very surprised when, the following morning, two police officers burst in on us, escorted us to police headquarters and we were cross-examined separately by the chief of the detective department.

Unfortunately my companion, Dick, revealed the fact that we both had police records in England. Our records were at once requested by cable and when the answer arrived we were ordered deported to England. Thus we made our journey back at the expense of the Canadian Government, and two weeks later found ourselves stepping off the steamship express at Waterloo Station, London.

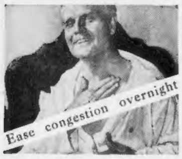
And at this point in my career an entirely new phase of existence developed for me, perhaps the most remarkable part of all, which I will explain next Sunday.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

Safe Way To Take Off
FAT . . and Feel
Years Younger

Depicting the youthful charm and grace of a slender figure.

● A youthful, slender figure—glorious health, clear skin, bright eyes—freedom from indigestion, gas, acidity, headaches, fatigue and shortness of breath so often caused by excess fat—all these splendid results come while losing surplus fat with a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning.
● Kruschen is the SAFE, SURE way to reduce—doctors prescribe it as a superb daily health drink—it takes off fat as quickly as it can safely be done!
● An 85c jar lasts 4 weeks and is sold by druggists thruout the world. Imitations may be offered you but protect your health — Kruschen Salts is the SAFE, HEALTHY way to reduce—accept nothing else.
● FREE: Write E. Griffiths Hughes, Inc., Dept. A W, Rochester, N. Y., for new book (plain wrapper) giving complete details of Kruschen Treatment—ALSO precious aids for obtaining youthful beauty.



Don't Neglect a COLD

● Distressing chest and throat colds—that so often lead to something serious—usually respond to the first application of good old Musterole. Still more effective if used *once every hour for 5 hours.* Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a scientific *"counter-irritant"*—NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates circulation, helps to draw out congestion and pain. Recommended by doctors—used by millions. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience"—Columbia network. See your newspapers.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Stop Itching Skin

It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings prompt relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. Itching stops the moment Zemo touches the tender and inflamed skin because of its rare ingredients. To clear away Rashes, Pimples, Eczema, Ringworm and restore the skin to normal, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists', 35c, 60c and $1.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

CORNS
and Sore Toes Relieved at Once

Take no chances—use the one safe, sure way that stops pain quickly—also removes corns and keeps you rid of them—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These thin, soothing, healing pads end the cause, friction and pressure of shoes; prevent blisters and sore toes. Always keep a box handy. Sold by all Drug, Department and Shoe Stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Clear Your Skin of Embarrassing Blemishes

Use pure, non-irritating Resinol Soap twice daily Pat your skin dry and apply soothing Resinol Ointment to the broken out, smarting places. This simple treatment helps nature get rid of pore impurities, pimples, bits of rash or eczema, and restores the soft loveliness of your skin.

At all druggists!

FOR FREE TRIAL SIZE package of Resinol Ointment and Soap with booklet, write Resinol, Dept. X-114, Baltimore, Md.

FOUND!
NEW BEAUTY FOR SAGGING, OVER-DEVELOPED ...UNDER-DEVELOPED BUSTS

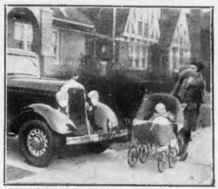
THE ONLY BRASSIERE with PATENTED INNER BUST-SHAPING STRAPS

Unlike any other brassiere, Cup-Form's inner elastic bust-shaping straps and silken cups give an immediate youthful appearance to a sagging bust—stylishly support an over-developed bust—and give charm to the under-developed figure. $1.00 up, in every type for miss or matron.
For sale everywhere. Write for Style Booklet

Model Brassiere Co.
EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK, N.Y.

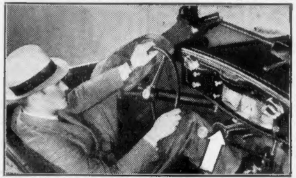
WILL YOUR NEW CAR HAVE ALL THESE ADVANCED FEATURES?

LOW CENTER OF GRAVITY. Compare Dodge with the old-fashioned top-heavy cab above. Dodge has a double-drop frame ... it brings the car close to the ground; no danger of tipping even at an abnormal degree. The Dodge frame is ten times more rigid than ordinary frame construction.



"HYDRAULIC BRAKES SAFER" declare drivers who compare Dodge hydraulic brakes with the old-fashioned kind. They stay equalized . . . act promptly. Most taxicabs have hydraulic brakes.

SAFETY STEEL BODY! Even though engineers rolled the new Dodge Six down a steep hill, the bouncing and crashing couldn't smash the strong, safe steel body. The big Dodge drove off under its own power after it hit bottom! Such extraordinary strength means far greater safety for you.

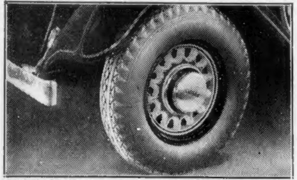


AUTOMATIC CLUTCH—(optional)—You never need use your left foot. You can start, stop, shift into any gear, without ever touching the clutch pedal. Makes driving simpler, easier—and much less fatiguing. The big Dodge Six has free wheeling, too.

FLOATING POWER ENGINE MOUNTINGS keep engine vibrations from shaking the body of the car. That's what enables this marksman to make a perfect score on a target 100 yards distant—even while the engine in the Dodge Six is running!

THE OLD WAY
SPRINGS WITHOUT OIL ALWAYS SQUEAK
THE NEW WAY
OILITE SPRINGS NEVER NEED OILING—NEVER SQUEAK

"OILITE" SPRINGS! Old type springs must be oiled to prevent squeaks. Dodge has "Oilite" spring inserts—they never need to be oiled, yet they never squeak! "Oilite" springs stay flexible! And Dodge springs are equipped with metal covers, too . . . keep out dust and dirt.



AIRWHEEL TIRES! Big, low-pressure Airwheel tires are standard equipment on the Dodge Six! They cushion the car against road bumps, and they're also safer against blow-outs. They help brakes, too, and reduce skidding hazard. Make Dodge driving safer!

OIL FILTER—usually a feature only found in the higher priced cars. It filters dirt and grit ... only clean, smooth oil gets to the Dodge engine. Oil lasts longer, too—doesn't need changing so often. You save money on oil—get better performance.

THIS AMAZING DISCOVERY GIVES THOUSANDS OF EXTRA MILES WITHOUT VALVE GRINDING

VALVE SEAT INSERTS improve compression, give Dodge better performance. An economy feature, too. They help to keep down gas consumption, and they postpone valve grinding indefinitely—owners say as long as 30,000 miles or more of driving.

THE NEW DODGE HAS THEM!

The Nation's Most Modern Motor Car for Only $595*

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY, DETROIT
PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

No other car in the world gives you the sensational features you get in this new Dodge Six at such a low price—just a few dollars more than the lowest priced cars!

Speed and comfort ... dazzling performance and driving ease ... safety and economy—you can be sure of them in a Dodge because of these advanced engineering features.

Dodge doesn't pick out one lone feature and rest its case on that! Altogether you get more than 21 advantages in Dodge ... 21 reasons why Dodge gives you most for the money! They are *real* features ... not mere gadgets.

And you don't have to take anybody's word for the value of the new Dodge! The "Show-Down" Plan lets you see for yourself! Lets you compare Dodge against competitive cars, feature for feature, point for point. No other car in the world offers you all the advantages you get in Dodge for as low as $595 ... not even many cars that cost hundreds of dollars more than the big new Dodge Six!

Ask yourself, "Will my next car have all these features?" Then let the "Show-Down" Plan give you the answer. Any Dodge dealer will be glad to explain it to you. Get the free "Show-Down" score card and be your own judge in picking your next car.

Although costs of labor and raw materials have been going up, you can still buy this longer wheelbase Dodge for as little as $595 at the factory. Your old car has a higher trade-in value now, too—today it will probably make the full down-payment on your new Dodge. And you can arrange easy, convenient terms.

New 115-inch wheelbase Dodge Coupe, $595 ... Two-Door Sedan, $630 ... Brougham, $660
Four-Door Sedan, $675 ... Convertible Coupe, $695. * All Prices F. O. B. Factory, Detroit, Michigan.

BIG NEW LONGER WHEELBASE DODGE
DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION—DIVISION OF CHRYSLER MOTORS

Speaking of Stuffings!

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THERE is never any question of to stuff or not to stuff. Stuffing or dressing serves the useful purpose of filling the cavity of poultry cooked whole, of absorbing the juices during cooking, and of allowing choice flavor to penetrate both meat and gravy. It also distends the fowl and keeps it in a more natural and pleasing shape for appearance and for ease in carving.

As with so many other issues, there is a school of those who prefer dry stuffing and an equally extensive opposing group who insist on eating their stuffing moist and wet. The only solution is to satisfy both parties and give them the stuffing they prefer!

Bread or bread crumbs is the chief ingredient or basis. In both stuffing types the bread used should be at least two days stale. Remove all crusts by cutting the outside of the loaf entirely off. Then tease or pick the crumb apart into small flakes.

Now comes the point of difference: In the dry stuffing the crumbs are directly incorporated with the required shortening and other ingredients, while in the wet stuffing they are covered with water, milk or other liquid to soften.

When the bread has swelled (after standing about 10 minutes) gently press out the excess liquid and with a fork beat until fluffy. The dry stuffing is crumbly while the wet is naturally more moist and slightly sticky.

Since onions form such an important item in most stuffings it is well to know how to add them. In every case they should be minced which means finer than chopped. Most recipes call for slightly cooking or sauteing the onions in the melted fat before adding to other ingredients in order to soften them. Some like to cover the onions with boiling water and let them stand to soften and lessen the strong taste. Some recipes call for cooking onions and crumbs in fat. Others prefer to grate the raw onion very fine and then add, or to use the juice only.

Nothing is more unpleasant while eating than to come across a little lump of too much sage, pepper or other seasoning. Therefore it is a wise plan to combine all dry ingredients and thoroughly blend them either in the liquid or in the melted fat before they are added to the crumbs. Do not be overgenerous with strong flavors particularly sage, thyme and the standard poultry dressing. It is better to err on the safe side. Be sure all spices are fresh and do not use any package or box which has been long opened as it will be worthless for odor and taste.

Substitute for bread as a stuffing foundation, rice, chestnuts, cornmeal, mashed potatoes, popcorn and crackers. Crackers make the lightest dressing, cornmeal a heavy dressing. Chestnuts and sweet potatoes give a delicate flavor and smooth consistency. In every case these starches should be hot and whipped with other ingredients.

Fruit stuffings are particularly good for duck and goose because they help take away the oily or even rank taste of the bird. Prunes, raisins, apples, also celery are more suitable with this poultry than rich bread stuffings or those which contain oysters or nuts.

On the other hand, turkey is made more succulent when to the dressing is added a generous supply of moist oysters. For turkey and chicken, some prefer a sausage stuffing, but this is too rich for goose. Walnut stuffing is a pleasing novelty for chicken, while a mincemeat stuffing makes a banquet of even a humble fresh ham or loin of pork, as well as being a novel variation for turkey.

Stuffing may be prepared hours in advance and set to ripen. Most housewives have much to learn about food fragrance and are in too much of a hurry to cook without having first seasoned or perfumed the food. The French chef is a master at making a bouquet whether for soup, sauce or stuffing. He simmers almost everything and allows food to stand in saucepots and in bowls to ripen. This is a good plan for any highly spiced or seasoned dish, stuffing among them. Or stuff the fowl a day in advance of roasting.

Pack the fowl cavity to full capacity even if it does ooze out a bit while roasting. Because the juice and bits which escape in the pan will help season the gravy as well as baste the breast as it lies roasting.

Also do not fail to make an additional separate dish of stuffing which may be conveniently baked in a glass utility pan. Remove some of the juices from the roasting pan and spoon over the top of this additional dish in order to bring the meat or poultry flavor. There is never enough stuffing to go around, if it's good!

Southern Oyster Stuffing for Turkey: Four slices toast, 2 tablespoons bacon fat, 1 medium onion chopped, ½ cup minced celery, ¼ teaspoon sage, salt, pepper, 1 dozen large oysters. Roll oven-toasted bread to break into coarse pieces. Brown onion with bacon fat, add bread crumbs and moisten with oyster liquor. Add celery, sage, salt and 1 teaspoon minced parsley. Let stuffing cook for about 3 minutes to blend. Remove and add oysters whole. Stuff into turkey.

Carolina Chestnut Stuffing for Turkey: One turkey liver, 1 onion, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 cups crumbled stale cornbread, broth or stock, ½ cup minced celery, 2 cups boiled chestnut pulp, salt, pepper. Chop liver and onion and brown in butter, add cornbread. Moisten with broth. Add celery, chestnuts, and season highly. Stuff into fowl. This is delicious with chicken. Make additional stuffing into small cake and roast in pan.

Celery and Apple Stuffing for Goose: Saute 1 tablespoon minced onion in 2 tablespoons butter. Add 1 cup each of minced celery and tart apple and cook 5 minutes. Add 1 cup soft bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper.

Walnut Dressing For Chicken: Giblets, 1 onion, 1 bayleaf, 1 cup hot water, 1 tablespoon salt, 2 tablespoons poultry seasoning, 2 cups walnut meats minced fine, 4 tablespoons melted butter, crumbs from one large loaf stale bread. Cook giblets, onion and bayleaf in water until tender, then chop. Combine with other ingredients as usual.

Apple and Raisin Stuffing for Turkey or Goose: Half cup diced salt pork, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup chopped onion, 7 cups soft bread crumbs, ½ cup minced parsley, 6 tart apples diced, 1 cup seedless raisins, ½ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Fry pork until crisp and remove. Cook celery, onion and parsley in fat and remove. Put apples in fat with sugar, cover and cook slowly. Add crumbs, pork scraps and all other ingredients. Sufficient for 10 to 12-pound fowl.

Old-Fashioned Bread Stuffing: Three quarts stale (not hard) bread crumbs, 6 teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons sage, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ¾ cup melted butter. Combine crumbs, wet or dry as you prefer, with sage, celery, parsley, pepper and salt. Melt butter in skillet, add onion and simmer until tender. Then add seasoned crumbs and heat until crumbs are browned. Pack into fowl.

Mushroom Stuffing: Saute 2 cups sliced mushroom caps and stems until a light golden brown. Add to a bread stuffing. Particularly good with chicken.

THE HIDDEN MYSTERIES OF YOUR LIFE

You are only half living!
Behind the locked door of your inner mind is the secret of life as you want it—with achievement, success, and happiness. Modern science has just discovered a mystery of life known for centuries to the ancients. It is—that within your being there is a vast dormant, creative power that can be directed to produce new ideas, inspirations, and a more abundant life for you. Learn to use it.

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The Rosicrucians, an age-old Brotherhood, have taught thousands these ancient and now rediscovered secret principles for opening the inner door of the mind. They invite you to write today for the free, SEALED BOOK that tells how you may contact these teachings. If you prefer a new life of tremendous possibilities instead of an everyday commonplace existence, address:

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ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
AMORC
SAN JOSE. CALIFORNIA

WHAT to feed the family is regularly answered in The American Weekly on next to the last page.

Captain Christine

By Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 16)

parts, fighting his way to the very heart of her citadel. And now that he had proved her master, he could look down on her with that half-tender, half triumphant possessiveness which a man accords to a woman whom he has bent to his will.

His eyes swept over the jagged coast line. The extreme east was hidden from view by a rise in the ground. To the south the sea lay empty.

But creeping round from west to north was the San Juan.

CHAPTER XXI.

Success.

"PUT out the sea-anchors," said Treherne.

He leant over the side while the great canvas bags were lowered. The water filled them, making of them drags which held the San Juan steady. The breeze continued light and there was little risk of an increase. The longboat was brought round and two Kanakas slid over the side and caught up the oars. Treherne followed, with the titea mata. He would not trust the Kanakas to hold the glass-bottomed box. On board, Lambert and Christine stood side by side, watching eagerly, their differences forgotten.

Treherne was not thinking of them at all. He whistled to Lambert to follow him, as a man whistles a dog, and Lambert flushed as he went slowly forward. Without a word he swung over the side, jumping recklessly, so that the longboat rocked and Treherne cursed him for a clumsy fool. He did not answer. Crouching in the thwarts, he stared straight before him as the boys began to row slowly round the San Juan.

With the help of the chart Treherne had located as well as he could the approximate spot where the Constantine went down. At frequent intervals he waved to the boys to unship oars while he plunged the titea mata into the water and peered down into the depths. For nearly three hours they cruised about, until the sun began to slant westward, and Lambert was pale with the heat and the rocking motion of the little boat.

"Take a squint," Treherne said now and again. The boy refused every time, until Treherne caught him by the wrist, urging him to the side, forcing him to look.

"What can you see? Can you see any wreckage? Your eyes are young. What can you see?"

But Lambert saw only the green water, the cruel, greedy water. It brought a sweat to his forehead, and set the skin at the back of his neck tingling as though he had been struck with a bunch of nettles.

"Well?" said Treherne, impatiently.

"Nothing there."

The search went on. Without a murmur the boys shipped and unshipped the heavy oars, bending to their work at Treherne's word. He worked them mercilessly, oblivious to the fatigue that they must undergo. Again and again he tested with the glass-bottomed box, hoping afresh with every trial. But there was nothing to be seen save the ugly reefs, and the queer sea-plants. Now and then a shark's gray shadow went by, and once he made out the sinister trail of a black octopus that squirmed its way along the sea's oozy bed.

"We're too far north, I think," Lambert said presently. "Why not give up for today?"

Treherne turned on him fiercely. "The deuce you say! Give up? What are you so white about?"

He was angry and excited. The hours of fruitless endeavor had laid their mark on him. His face was flushed. His hands gripped the wooden sides of the titea mata with a feverish tenacity. The pouches of skin under his eyes were swollen with the constant bending of his head.

"Look again," he growled at Lambert.

The lad took the box, leaning forward to look down. He was so long that Treherne grew impatient.

"You can see something?"

"No. There's nothing there."

But Treherne's quick ears had caught the thrill of fear in his voice.

"You've seen something."

"No," Lambert assured him. "No. There's—only the sea."

"Only the sea indeed! Then what's set you shivering like a ghost? Get out. Get out of the way."

His voice was hoarse. He snatched at the titea mata, throwing Lambert roughly aside. What had the boy seen? Treherne's heart beat thick and fast. Was it indeed the end of the quest? Had he found at last the thing that he had lied and schemed and killed to get? His sight was blurred. His hands shook. Then, grasping the box in his powerful fingers, he looked.

The sea-floor lay outspread beneath his gaze. Brightly colored fishes with minute bodies and enormous heads swam away hastily from the shadow of the longboat's menacing keel. An eel cracked like a soundless whip and vanished. Where had it gone? Treherne leant forward, trembling. Yes . . . yes . . . between those needle-shaped rocks. He peered again. What lay there, caught and held by the jealous rocks against the onslaught of every swell?

"Praise heaven," said Treherne, involuntarily. Ay, praise heaven indeed for this sight of the Constantine's broken ribs and shattered hull. She had been a fine ship, a tall, swift ship, and now she was done for—wrecked and bruised and beaten to death, a home for eels and the blue and scarlet huka fish who eat drowned men.

"She's there!"

Treherne's voice rasped to a high note and broke oddly.

"She's there! Crushed in between two rocks. Ribs and a bit of the keel left. Fishes. . .an eel went in there. The sand's shifted over a lot of it. It'll want scraping, turning over. . ."

Carefully he lifted the titea mata into safety again.

"We'll start tomorrow. Sun's too far gone now. Yes, we'll stay aboard tonight. Better mark it. Throw me that rope."

He fixed a short iron bar to the rope, and heaved it over, paying out the rope as the weight sank. When at last it stopped, he fastened a float, and cut it off.

"What luck. We might have had to hunt for days. Andy's chart, eh? He had a good eye for direction and distance, eh? Old Sinner, he'd have liked to get down here by himself. Why didn't he have a shot for it when the ship went down? I know.

"Yes, I know blame well. Rough weather was one reason. And the other? Too many cold bodies to knock against his own. Dead man's treasure! Andy was an old sailor. He'd seen most of the corners of this world. And he didn't fancy it—didn't fancy deep-sea diving with the corpses hanging about."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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YOUR ACHING FEET!
Stinging Corns--Tender Callouses

Get your feet off your mind; go through the day without a "four o'clock foot ache" that makes every step a torture. How? Just rub on a little Ice Mint and see how quickly real foot comfort is yours.

It is wonderful how Ice Mint will draw the inflammation and ache out of a pair of swollen, tender, burning feet.

No matter what you have tried, if you haven't used Ice Mint you missed one of the best. From the very instant Ice Mint hits those throbbing feet, real foot comfort is yours.

Any drug store can supply Ice Mint and a small jar will last a long time. It works.

NEW LIFE FOR FADED HAIR . . . Every woman can keep her hair fresh and glamorous with youthful color sparkle and sheen. A rinse with Nestle ColoRinse gives that magic color liveliness and vibrant lustre of healthy, natural hair. Not a dye or a bleach . . . just harmless vegetable compound . . . with 12 tints to choose from.
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10c at all 5 and 10c stores and beauty shops . . Nestle ColoRinse, Superset, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

. . . r mother and I expected so much of you. Son, we didn't send you to school to loaf. Your teacher
WHAT HAPPENED WAS THIS —
WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU TO MAKE GOOD, SON - YOU KNOW HOW MOTHER AND I HAVE SLAVED AND SKIMPED TO SEND YOU AWAY TO SCHOOL
GOODBYE - DANNY DEAR, DON'T FORGET TO WRITE TO US OFTEN!
YOUNG MAN - IF YOU EXPECT TO STAY IN THIS SCHOOL YOU'LL HAVE TO BUCKLE DOWN TO WORK. THESE LOW GRADES WON'T DO!
YES, SIR -- I'LL -- ER DO MY BEST
TWO MONTHS LATER
I'VE WORKED MYSELF SICK, BUT STILL IM A FAILURE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?
WHY DID DAN QUIT THE FOOTBALL SQUAD?
QUIT? YOU CAN'T FLUNK IN HALF YOUR STUDIES AND STILL PLAY FOOTBALL!
WELL, IF YOU FELT AS SICK AS I DO --- AND COULDN'T EAT OR SLEEP AND ALWAYS HAD HEADACHES ---
YEAH? WELL, WHY DON'T YOU QUIT DOSING YOURSELF WITH CATHARTICS AND EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST? THAT'S WHAT THEY TOLD YOU TO DO OVER AT THE MEDICAL OFFICE
THE WAY THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST HAS BROUGHT BACK YOUR PEP IS A WONDER, DAN
MY CLASSWORK IS O.K. AGAIN AND I'M ELIGIBLE FOR ANY OF THE TEAMS, SO I'M GOING OUT FOR BASKET BALL ...
THREE WEEKS LATER
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS
... AND YOU'VE MADE THE BASKETBALL TEAM, TOO? OH, DANNY DEAR, WE'RE SO PROUD OF YOU!
YES, GREAT WORK, SON - BUT WHAT WAS WRONG WITH YOU A MONTH AGO WHEN I HAD TO WRITE YOU THAT LETTER?
OH, I JUST SEEMED ALL TIRED OUT AND RUN-DOWN - BUT I'M FEELING SWELL NOW - THANKS TO FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!
EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IT IS HEALTHFUL
NRA
"POISONS GENERATED IN SLUGGISH INTESTINES SAP VITALITY AND CAUSE A GENERAL PHYSICAL LET-DOWN... YEAST* CORRECTS THIS"
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DR. BOUCKAERT, the famous Belgian Specialist in nutrition diseases, says:—

*Fleischmann's Yeast, a corrective food rich in vitamins B, G and D, softens food wastes, "tones" the intestinal muscles, restores normal elimination. Good health and pep return. You digest your meals better. Eat 3 cakes daily. Directions are on the label. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for Health*

Delicious Cookie Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Oatmeal Cookies.

INGREDIENTS: 1 egg, ½ cup sugar, ⅔ tablespoon melted butter, ⅛ teaspoon salt, 1 cup rolled oats, ¼ teaspoon vanilla or almond. Beat egg until light, add sugar gradually and then beat in remaining ingredients. Drop by teaspoon on a greased baking sheet about 2 inches apart. Bake in a moderate oven until delicately browned.

Cocoanut Cookies.

INGREDIENTS: ¾ cup butter, 1½ cups sugar, few grains salt, 2 eggs, ¾ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon almond, about 3¾ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, freshly grated cocoanut. Cream butter, add sugar and salt and beat until creamy. Add beaten eggs and when well blended add milk alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Add flavoring and flour and knead until smooth. Chill in ice box until dough may be rolled easily. Roll thin, sprinkle with cocoanut and roll gently, shape with small fancy cutter and bake in a quick oven until delicately browned.

Hermits.

CREAM ⅔ cup shortening with 1⅓ cups sugar. Add ⅔ cup raisins, ½ cup chopped nut meats, 2 well beaten eggs and 4 tablespoons milk. Mix and sift 3½ cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon mace, ½ teaspoon nutmeg and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Add to the first mixture. Toss on lightly floured board and roll to ½-inch thickness. Cut in desired shapes. Place on lightly greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, for 30 minutes.

Fruit Cookies.

BEAT 3 eggs until very light. Add 1 cup sugar and beat well. Mix and sift 1¼ cups flour, ⅛ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking powder. Combine with the first mixture. Add 1 cup chopped raisins that have been dredged with 1 tablespoon flour and 1 cup chopped blanched almonds. Pour into greased and floured shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 300 degrees, for 35 minutes. Cut in small squares or rectangles.

Peanut Cookies.

CREAM ⅔ cup shortening with 1½ cups sifted light brown sugar. Add 1 well beaten egg. Mix and sift 2½ cups sifted flour and ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon soda. Combine with first mixture alternately with 3 tablespoons milk. Add ¾ cup ground peanuts. Drop from tip of tablespoon in pieces about the size of a walnut and bake at 420 degrees for 15 or 20 minutes.

Nut Cookies.

INGREDIENTS: ¼ cup butter, ⅔ cup sugar, 2 egg yolks, 1 egg white, 1 cup bread flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, cinnamon, sugar, chopped filberts. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, drop in egg yolks and when mixed add egg white beaten stiff and bread flour mixed and sifted with baking powder. Chill in a long roll, cut in slices ⅛-inch in thickness, put on greased tin sheet, sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar mixed with chopped filberts. Bake in a moderate oven, or at 350 degrees F., for six to ten minutes.

Crisp Cookies
(100 thin cookies).

INGREDIENTS: ¾ cup milk or less, 4 cups sifted soft wheat flour, 1 cup fat, 2 eggs, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 2 cups sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons flavoring. Mix as usual. Roll the dough thin, handling it no more than necessary, cut it in any desired shapes, and bake the cookies on a greased baking sheet in a fairly hot oven (about 375 to 400° F.). Instead of rolling out the dough it may be chilled and sliced thinly. Whether rolled or sliced, chilling the dough makes it easier to handle.

Drop Cookies (50 cookies).

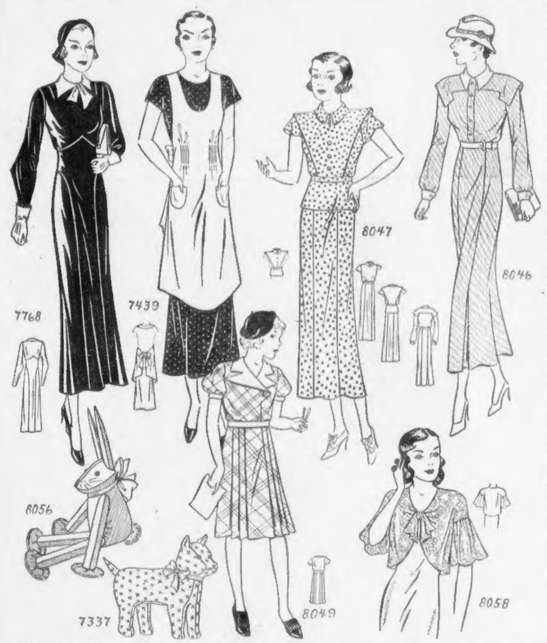
INGREDIENTS: ¾ cup milk, 4 cups sifted soft wheat flour, ¾ cup fat, 2 eggs, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1¼ cups sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons flavoring. Mix as usual. Drop small portions of the mixture on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderately hot oven (about 375° F.).

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Oatmeal with Cream, Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup, Coffee. *Luncheon* Eggs a la King or Baked Macaroni, Tomato Jelly Salad, Rolls, Tea. *Dinner* Roast Loin of Pork with Sweet Potatoes, Scalloped Cabbage, Beet Relish, Caramel Brown Betty with Lemon Sauce.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Whole Wheat Cereal, Cream Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Green Pea Soup, Toast Strips, Chocolate Layer Cake, Tea. *Dinner* American Chop Suey (Left-Over Pork), Steamed Rice, Buttered Green Vegetable, Ginger Custard, Chinese Nuts.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Plain Omelet, Corn Muffins, Coffee. *Luncheon* Stuffed Baked Peppers or Spaghetti a la Virginia, Jellied Fruit Salad, Reheated Rolls, Hermits, Tea. *Dinner* Roast Lamb with Brown Potatoes, Baked Onions, Mint Jelly, Romaine Salad, French Dressing, Orange Meringue Pie.	*Breakfast* Cereal, Rolls, Pancakes, Bacon, Coffee. *Dinner* Tomato Juice Cocktail, Roast Turkey or Chicken, Bread or Chestnut Stuffing, Rice, Brussels Sprouts, Cranberry Jelly, Heart Lettuce Salad, Wafers, Pumpkin Pie, Coffee, Nuts, Raisins, Candies. *Supper* Toast, Hot Fruit Punch.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Sally Lunn, Apricot Marmalade, Coffee. *Luncheon* Rice Vegetable Soup, Corn Bread Sticks, Prune Pie, Hot Fruit Punch. *Dinner (Company)* Oysters Mornay, Pineapple and Chickory Salad (Irish Style), Dutch Cake, Half Cups Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Oatmeal, Poached Eggs, Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Succotash with Spare Ribs, Buttermilk Tea Biscuits, Fruit, Tea. *Dinner* Broiled Beef Balls, Brown Gravy, Steamed Rice or Noodles, Buttered Broccoli, One-Two-Three Dessert with Whipped Cream.	*Breakfast* Fruit or Tomato Juice, Sausage and Egg Omelet, Apple Sauce, Reheated Rolls, Coffee. *Dinner* Emergency Consomme, Baked Capon, Creamed Artichokes, Boiled Onions, Cranberry Sauce, Celery, Apple Pie, Cheese, Coffee. *Supper* French Toast, Marmalade, Fruit Trifle, Cup Cakes, Cocoa.

American Weekly Patterns



AN ATTRACTIVE MODEL (7768). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 38 will require 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material, together with ⅝ yard of 39-inch contrasting material.

A SIMPLE APRON STYLE (7439). Designed in 1 size, medium, which will require 1⅞ yards of 32-inch material and 6 yards of bias binding.

A STYLISH FROCK FOR SLENDER FIGURES (8047). Designed in 5 sizes (for slight figures): 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19, with corresponding bust measure 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37. Size 13 will require 4 yards of 39-inch material.

A POPULAR PLAY TOY (8056). Designed in 1 size: 15 inches body length. It will require ½ yard of plain material and ¼ yard of figured material 35 inches wide. The tie bow of ribbon requires ¾ yard.

A NURSERY TOY (7337). Designed in 1 size only. It will require ¾ yard of material 35 inches wide. The ribbon bow will require 1 yard 3½ inches wide.

PLEASING FOR SCHOOL OR HOME (8049). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require 2¼ yards of 35-inch material, together with ½ yard of contrasting material.

LADY'S DRESSING SACK (8058). Designed in 4 sizes: Small 34-36, medium 38-40, large 42-44, extra large 46-48. Size medium requires 1¾ yards of 39-inch material. To finish with bias binding requires 7 yards 1½ inches wide.

A POPULAR STYLE (8046). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 (with corresponding bust measure 33½, 35, 36½ and 38), also in 40 and 42. Size 18 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material, together with ⅝ yard of 35-inch contrasting material.

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For speedy relief from pains and aches, rub on "Ben-Gay"—generously, vigorously. This *original* Baume Analgesique penetrates through skin, flesh, muscles, directly to the very pain area—and does it in a flash. Then it *stays* there until the pain is routed. "Ben-Gay" relieves pain faster, because it *does* go deeper, and because it *does* stay in longer. Many imitations have been attempted. But for *real* hyposensitizing (pain relieving) action get the box with the red "Ben-Gay" on it.

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BAUME "BEN-GAY"
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Feeding Schedule Safeguarded with PYREX Nursing Bottles

DANGER of interrupted feedings through bottle breakage is virtually eliminated when Pyrex Nursing Bottles are used. For these bottles are resistant to breakage from heat and cold. Two sizes, 8-oz., narrow neck or wide mouth, 25¢; 4-oz., narrow neck, 15¢.

"Pyrex" is the registered trade-mark of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y., and indicates their brand of resistant glass. These prices apply to the United States only.

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Skates hum "much obliged" when they get Esso Handy Oil! The long spout puts the fine lubricant right where it belongs—no waste, no drip. The leak-proof cap keeps pockets clean. Dad keeps a can in the car—Mother has one in her workroom. Esso Handy Oil cleans, protects, prevents rust. On sale at dealers everywhere.
Esso, Inc., 26 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Esso HANDY OIL

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You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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"Full-Fashion" brassiere, with no seams through the breast sections; with Lastex semi-step-in Girdle No. 1742.

DARLING, THAT GINGERBREAD CERTAINLY UPHOLDS THE NEW ENGLAND TRADITION OF FINE COOKERY
THEN WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP BRER RABBIT MOLASSES IN OUR HOME : THAT'S WHAT GIVES IT THAT REAL PLANTATION FLAVOR

Mother's Saturday Gingerbread "made the match"

Alice thought Jerry would never love her. Until the night her mother served gingerbread, made from a favorite Brer Rabbit recipe.

"That's the swellest gingerbread I ever tasted," Jerry said.

From then on he was a regular Saturday dinner guest. And soon he told Alice what she wanted to hear more than anything in the world.

"You men are funny," Alice's mother said when she and father were talking about the engagement. "Jerry actually became Alice's suitor because he was crazy about my gingerbread."

There is no more delicious treat than old-fashioned, tangy gingerbread, made with Brer Rabbit Molasses. Everybody adores it—is greedy for more.

Brer Rabbit is made from the finest freshly crushed sugar cane. That's what gives it that real, old plantation flavor. It is nourishing food, too.

There are two grades—Gold Label, the high-quality light molasses for fancy cooking, delicious on pancakes; Green Label—a darker molasses with a stronger flavor. Just please your individual taste when you choose.

ALICE'S MOTHER'S RECIPE FOR "BRER RABBIT GINGERBREAD"

½ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, 1½ cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon soda.

Cream together butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then add alternately the dry ingredients which have been sifted together and the mixture of milk and molasses. Pour in a buttered shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 45 minutes.

BRER RABBIT
REAL PLANTATION
Molasses

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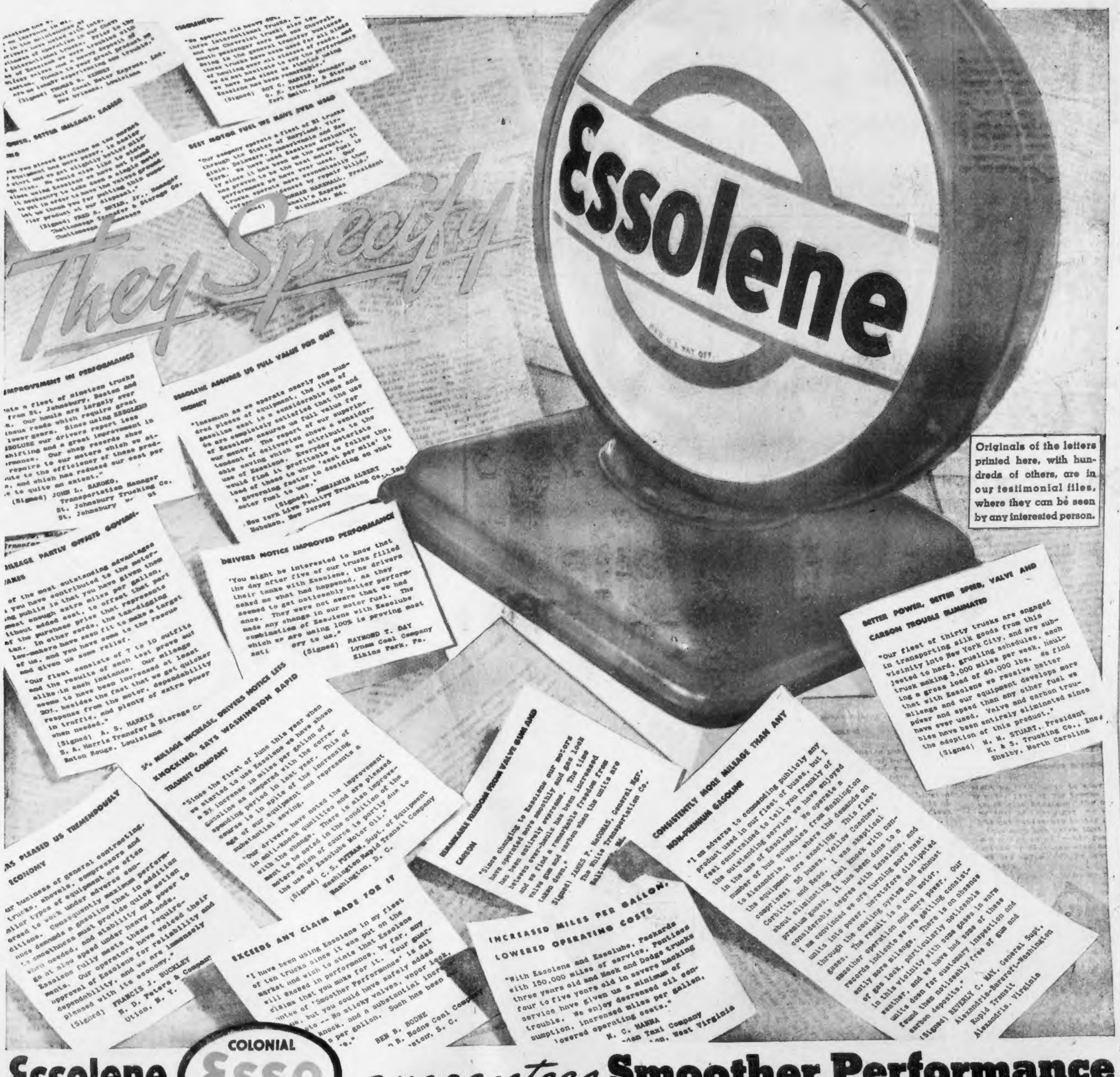
ABOUT COSTS AND MILEAGE



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"Inasmuch as we operate nearly one hundred pieces of equipment, the item of gasoline cost is a considerable one and we are completely satisfied that the use of Essolene assures us full value for our money. The report of our superintendent of deliveries shows a considerable saving which we attribute to the use of Essolene. Everyday motorists would find it profitable to follow the lead of those to whom 'cost per mile' is a governing factor in deciding on what motor fuel to use."

(Signed) BENJAMIN ALBERT
New York Live Poultry Trucking Co., Inc.
Hoboken, New Jersey

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"You might be interested to know that the day after five of our trucks filled their tanks with Essolene, the drivers asked me what had happened, as they seemed to get noticeably better performance. They were not aware that we had made any change in our motor fuel. The combination of Essolene with Essolube which we are using 100% is proving most sati ory to us."

(Signed) RAYMOND T. DAY
Lynam Coal Company
Elkins Park, Pa.

5% MILEAGE INCREASE, DRIVERS NOTICE LESS KNOCKING, SAYS WASHINGTON RAPID TRANSIT COMPANY

"Since the first of June this year when we started to use Essolene we have shown a 5% increase in miles per gallon of gasoline as compared with the corresponding period in last year. This of course is in spite of the increasing age of our equipment and represents a substantial saving.

"Our drivers have noted the improvement in anti-knock qualities and are pleased with the change. There is also improvement to be noted in the condition of the motors which of course is partly due to the use of Essolube Motor Oil."

(Signed) C. S. PUTNAM, Supt. of Equipment
Washington Rapid Transit Company
Washington, D. C.

REMARKABLE FREEDOM FROM VALVE GUM AND CARBON

"Since changing to Essolene our motors have operated more smoothly and gas lo has been entirely overcome. The time between over-hauls has been increased and we find a remarkable freedom from valve gum and carbon when the units are taken down."

(Signed) JAMES T. McCOMAS, General Mgr.
The White Transportation Co.
Md.

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"With Essolene and Essolube, Packards with 150,000 miles of service, Pontiacs three years old and Mack and Dodge trucks four to five years old in severe hacking service have given us a minimum of trouble. We enjoy decreased oil consumption, increased miles per gallon, lowered operating costs."

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"I am adverse to commending publicly any product used in our fleet of buses, but I feel constrained to tell you frankly of the outstanding service we have enjoyed in the use of Essolene. We operate a number of bus schedules from Washington to Alexandria, Va., where the demands on the equipment are exacting. This fleet comprises: 55 buses, Yellow Coaches, Corbitts, and Reos. I was skeptical about eliminating fuel knock with non-premium gases. It has been done to a considerable degree with Essolene, and I am convinced we are turning more heat units into power, heretofore dissipated through the cooling system and exhaust gases. The result is a cool motor, smoother operation and more power. Our records indicate we are getting consistently more mileage. There is an absence of gas lock, particularly noticeable in this vicinity with some gases in warm weather, and we have had some of these units down for customary inspection and found them noticeably free of gum and carbon deposits."

(Signed) BEVERLY C. MAY, General Supt.
Alexandria-Barcroft-Washington
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"Our fleet of thirty trucks are engaged in transporting silk goods from this vicinity into New York City, and are subjected to hard, grueling schedules, each truck making 3,000 miles per week, hauling a gross load of 40,000 lbs. We find that with Essolene we receive better mileage and our equipment develops more power and speed than any other fuel we have ever used. Valve and carbon troubles have been entirely eliminated since the adoption of this product."

(Signed) M. M. STUART, President
K. & S. Trucking Co., Inc.
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